

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Mar. 13, 1938



1—"Why Uncle—How Rich You Must Be!!!"

Awful Week-ends

By the
Brilliant
Satirist
FISH

Staying With
Rich Relations



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Why Didn't I Get That Pink Nightie?"



3—Luncheon Is Nervous Work Served With Portentous Gloom

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As How You Had Guests"

FISH

The Saddest "Widow" in the World

Moina, the Mate of Mok, Only Gorillas Ever to Live Together in Captivity, Loses Him, Is Doomed to Loneliness All Her Life and Mourns Him in Strangely Human Way



Mok, the Mate of Moina, Relaxing in His Quarters With a Strangely Human Far-Away Expression—He Was One Year Younger Than His "Widow."

THE SADDEST, loneliest "widow" in the world is Moina, the London Zoo's gorilla, whose sincerely lamented husband, Mok, died the other day of Bright's Disease.

She is only eleven, the age when, if she were in her native African wilds, Moina's joy-life would be just beginning and she would live to be at least fifty, that is barring dysentery and accidents. But her keepers, as they see her unconsciously falling into the attitude of Rodin's famous statue, "The Thinker," are certain that she will never marry again and may soon die of a broken heart.

It is generally believed that the mind of the great apes cannot be concentrated on any one subject for more than three minutes at a time, unless it is connected with physical activity such as a fight or the search for food. But Moina rests her hairy chin on a horn-knuckled fist and looks far away, sometimes for half an hour, at a time.

What is she thinking about, if she is thinking? The attitude itself, strongly suggests that her mind is on the late lamented Mok. With the natural intelligence of the ape, it is reasonable to suppose that she is thinking of her dead mate because until the day of his death, it was only he, and never Moina, who took that peculiar pose.

The young widow has plenty of food for mournful thoughts. As far as her own observations tell her, she may be the last survivor of her species. Every day, as she gazes through the bars at a crowd of puny, hairless, pale-faces, which to her cavernous brown eyes, look like degenerate caricatures of the mighty gorilla breed, it may seem to her that these human pygmies are all that are left in the world. Of course she knows that nearby live Boo-Boo, the chimpanzee, and her daughter, Julie, but that, in no consolation because she rates them lower socially than her human captors.

Rare and hard enough to raise as individuals, Mok and Moina were the first and only gorilla pair that had ever proved congenial mates in captivity. The chance of finding a second mate to replace Moina's bereavement, is extremely improbable and in case of the almost certain mistake, the result would probably be the death of one or both of the valuable animals.

Moina, if she were in her native African wilderness, would probably be one of the youngest of several mates of one old and powerful male. Should he die, Moina, and the other "sever" would be taken over by some younger ape or they might be divided among the harem of two or more.

There is also the equivalent of divorce in gorilla society. The "wife" never gets the divorce of her own volition nor does the "husband" seek it. The thing is thrust on him by some younger and more vigorous male who succeeds in beating the old patriarch in single combat.

The "old man" then simply abandons

his entire family to spend his declining years as a solitary bachelor. The successful rival not only takes over all the other's wives but gets the custody of all their children whom he must protect as though they were his own. If the old "divorced" husband happens to wander onto the same feeding grounds as his family with its new papa, the old man and his ex-wives and children carefully avoid each other. Any fraternization would precipitate another duel between the rivals and this time it would be to the death.

There is no evidence that female gorillas waste any tears over the passing from their lives of their lord and master, whether by death or defeat, nor do they show any enthusiasm for the new one. The reason may well be that every male gorilla while he maintains his power as head of the family is a first-class tyrant and a change of tyrants makes little difference to the wives.

But in Moina's case everything was entirely different. For one thing, she was Mok's first and only love and he was hers. Perhaps even more important is the fact that she was more than a year older than Mok and, to the day of his untimely death, heaver, stronger and always the boss. When she wanted him, she called, and if he did not come, she went and got him, lifting him down from the perch on which he might be annoying, by what ever part of his anatomy was handiest, even if it was an ear. Such playfulness does not hurt or offend a gorilla, but it was noticed that Mok never took any such liberties with his older and stronger mate.

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One of the Most Remarkable Poses of a Gorilla Ever Caught—Mok in Almost Exactly the Attitude of Rodin's Famous Statue of "The Thinker" (Shown in the Insert) Drawn by the English Artist, Nina Scott Langley.

bought for London's famous Regent's Park Zoo. The boy gorilla was then about five years old, the girl gorilla a little more than six. At most, Moina could remember only two years of wild freedom and Mok about one.

Whether immigrants are desirable or not depends largely on where they come from, and this is even more important in the case of gorillas. The series of unbroken failures which discouraged early attempts to keep the mighty apes in captivity except in Africa was finally found to be due to the fact that they were all specimens caught in the lowland jungles and who, for some reason, will not live far from their native soil.

Mok and Moina belong to the mountain gorilla, a type that not long ago was discovered to be less likely to die of homesickness and much harder at resisting the virus of common colds and the germs of pneumonia with which the spectators at the zoo are constantly infecting the helpless prisoners. When the young apes were brought to London, special quarters were built for them as befitted the only gorilla couple in captivity.



A Touching Photograph of Mok Taken a Few Hours Before His Death.



Moina, Face Wrinkled as Though About to Weep, Mourning in the Corner of Her Cage After the Death of Mok. She Is 11 Years Old and May Live to Be 50.

Spectators viewed the animals through stout steel bars which they correctly assumed were there to protect them from the animals. Also they looked through plate glass which not many understood was entirely for the benefit of the apes to save them from deadly microbes sneezed, coughed and laughed at them by visitors with colds and sinus infections.

At the time of their arrival Moina, four feet tall, seemed much smarter and more observant than Mok, who was only three feet tall. One of the first experiments was to take them both to the movies—that is, they were given a private exhibition of an animal film.

Lions, tigers, elephants crocodiles and most all the other interesting wild animals of Africa paraded across the film without making the more alert Moina show the slightest flicker of interest or even recognition.

Neither did the less intelligent Mok, until a large, male gorilla stepped into view. Then Mok stood up on his ridiculously short hind legs to beat his chest with his fists and roar defiance at the shadow of a male so big he could have killed Mok with one blow.

Still Moina showed no sign of recognition but if her less intelligent mate spotted the first creature that roused his emotions, it is probable that Moina recognized most everything in that film but knew it was all a parade of shadows.

Both Moina and Mok, like most of the higher apes, have the imagination to think their own image in a mirror, another ape, try to kiss the reflection, or reaching behind the mirror to capture the curiously elusive other ape. The dog, though ranking high in animal intelligence, almost never is fooled by his own reflection and never sees in a painting anything but a lot of meaningless spots of color. Many of the higher apes recognize paintings of fruit and are obviously disgusted to find them only inedible frauds.

Moina's mysterious behavior about having her fingerprints taken is no doubt just a coincidence, yet it is grounds for one more of those fascinating speculations about what goes on in her mind while she sits and seems to be thinking so hard. The matter seems to be connected with Mok's death, and actually, at least to this extent.

Mok's health had been a matter of concern for several

months, but the day on which his final illness began happened to be the very one on which it was decided to take fingerprints of both animals. The pair slept in what might be called twin beds that is each had a couch of fresh straw on the floor beside the other, with a low partition between.

With little effort either could vault over this slight obstacle to visit the other, but it served to keep them from accidentally waking each other up in the night and when either developed a cold or other infection, it could be built up to a higher barricade.

On this particular morning when the keeper arrived with a fingerprint researcher, they found Moina sitting beside her mate, holding his wrist and looking for all the world, like a nurse taking a patient's pulse. Of course she wasn't doing anything of the kind. Nevertheless that was what she had seen done whenever she or Mok were sick and probably knew that somehow it was connected with being cured.

Mok was found to be a very sick animal, but, since the patient showed no objection to having his fingerprints taken, they thought they might as well do it, a simple matter, just pressing the palms against a couple of sheets of waxed paper. Moina proved too nervous at the moment, so hers were put off till later.

A week after Mok's death, a keeper finding Moina silent and apparently absorbed in her grief came again with the paper sheets, thinking it an opportunity to distract her mournful thoughts, but, to his surprise, she pushed the harmless sheets away with frowns and angry growls. It should be remembered that Moina is a smart, educated ape who knows all about all kinds of paper and has made all kinds of experiments even to chewing it into balls and throwing them at Mok, her keepers and other innocent bystanders, and has made marks with a pencil on it. It was indeed strange that she should take sudden offense at this familiar and harmless substance.

Her favorite keeper was brought. He petted Moina and reasoned with her for a long time and, though it is not to be supposed that she understood very many of his words exactly, it seemed that she got the idea that she was a naughty, stubborn girl to refuse a small favor to an old friend. Some say that tears came to her eyes and that she trembled with an inward struggle, suddenly she thrust out her hands impulsively. The prints were quickly made but she tore them to pieces.

A dozen times the attempt has been made, always with the same results. They are not going to try it again because Moina evidently feels guilty about it and she has enough on her mind as things are.

Does she think that allowing prints to be taken had something to do with Mok's death? Nobody knows, but there seems to be some sort of association of the two things in her mind. In spite of the glass protection, air-conditioning, sun-ray lamps to give tropical light in London's gloom and a scientific diet of sterilized milk, halibut oil and fruits out of season, Mok came down with pneumonia the first winter. A few months later the patient is taken pretty seriously at hospitals but he is child's play compared with a gorilla whose barrel-like chest has been invaded by the dread pneumococcus. Unremittent care saved Mok but it is one of the reasons why he failed to exceed Moina in weight and strength as the male gorilla should.

A Real "Living Buddha"

DAL LAL, the mystery dancer at the "Eve" Cabaret in Montmartre, is with her "other half," Maud, making a considerable nest-egg out of the current vogue of their act with the set whose opinion makes and breaks the stars of the Paris boards.

It is not to be thought that their act is at all ordinary, or that the popularity of the girls is just a whim on the part of the elite, the bored pleasure-seekers. The fact is that the girls have brought the jaded filers a new sensation.

Their act is billed as "East Meets West," and it turns out that the name is apt, not merely because both Orientals and Continentals have liked the performance and mix regularly at the night club, but because the girls themselves combine the exotic with the familiar.

The girl in front is, of course, Dal Lal, and it is her sinuous movements that give the "Living Buddha" its compelling reality. But the two hands of Miss Maud, although they are the only part of her that can be seen as she backs up Dal Lal's motions, provide a contradictory rhythm. The harmony of two-in-one, slightly discordant because of Miss Maud's grave and less formalized motions, seems to be just what Parisians have been waiting for. They throng to the cabaret and its proprietors, in order to keep the girls

from accepting better offers, have been forced to increase the salary of the girls to an unheard-of figure, for the French.

In addition, many of the patrons, after drinking periods, begin to imagine that in order to worship this "Living Buddha" it is necessary to fling their money at its feet. In the way of a tribute and sacrifice. For, as the cymbals crash and the rhythm of the accompanying music mounts in intensity, it is difficult not to be carried away by the insidious snake-like motions of the arms, while the half-closed eyes of Dal Lal gaze inscrutably into the audience and, like a snake, ignore the agitation of the "Buddha" body, which they adore.

One of the attractions of the bizarre performance is the mystery which surrounds the origin of the Oriental half of the statue of flesh. She refuses to tell where she is from, although it is rumored that she learned her immobile method of dancing in the jungles of India. She is declared by many to be the final proof that the legs of a girl are not necessarily the most important part of a dance, for here are tucked quietly under her. The curious and chance friendship of Maud and Dal Lal which brought them fame and fortune was a lucky day for both of them—singly, neither had been able to get more than occasional work; united, they are the current smash hit of Paris.

Plenty of Tears in These

MISS ROSEMARY NOLAN, being a big girl now, doesn't cry—at least she's not crying here, in spite of having a good cause. The super-onions over which she is scolding so cheerfully are enough to give any girl the "weeps" for days and days.

They are extra large Idaho onions, weighing

no less than two and a half pounds each. Recently arrived for the market in St. Louis, Missouri, the cry-fruit was photographed in the presence of pretty Miss Nolan, perhaps to suggest that onions are, in their way, luscious eatables and not just irritations to the tear-glands of girls.

The good-looking Miss Nolan must have provided the onions with a charm they lacked before.

For the photograph, taken just as an experiment by a cameraman, has had a wide circulation. And, as a result, the mouth-watering vegetables won a

happy selling point in their smiling champion.

She says, by the way, that her smile was not just put on for effect, she's really crazy about onions.



It May Be That an Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away, but for Miss Rosemary Nolan, it's the Onions That Make Her Smile. They Are Idaho Onions, and Weigh Two and a Half Pounds Apiece. Her Pose Proved to Be a Lucky Day for the Farm Whoppers.



"East Meets West" in the Montmartre Cabaret in Paris Where the "Living Buddha" Has Made Such a Big Hit That the Thrill-Seekers Go Again and Again. The Bizarre Performers Are Two Young Girls, One of Them Named Maud—A Local White Girl—And the Other Dal Lal, Said to Have Come From the Jungles of India.

Will Heating Houses Start an Insect Plague?

SO WELL-HEATED is the modern house, so well-insulated is it against the cold onslaught of the winter months, that this very efficiency is beginning to upset the delicate balance of Nature, according to a surprising announcement by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

One natural job for winter is to kill off tons of insects before they overrun the world. It now turns out that the great modern comfort of evenly heated houses incubates the very bugs which ordinarily would be frozen off. Clothes closets and storage rooms, no longer discouragingly cold and draughty, keep

alive cloths moths, carpet beetles, cockroaches, silverfish, and worse insects which often are among mankind's most dangerous enemies.

Although right now the danger of an insect plague is restricted mostly to the "domesticated" bugs listed, many persons fear that more hostile bugs will follow snugly indoors to avoid their normal destruction.

Already the silverfish are becoming a menace to the houses that keep them alive. The small, active greyish, scale-covered insects cover much ground—or rather property—in a day's scurrying. They thrive in warm, damp basements.

But these are just their base of operation; they cause severe damage all over the house, for they love to eat valuable papers, expensive wall-papers, book-holdings, starched clothes, and curtains.

But the moths are cheated by frequent brushing, sunning and airing of woollens and furs, and wool should not be packed away slightly soiled as moths favor these. Mothproof containers with naphthalene or paradichlorobenzene flakes are almost indispensable. Against cockroaches, cleanliness is the best weapon, the Bureau declares. And pyrethrum powder kills the silverfish.

An Athletic School For Cripples

SETTING-UP exercises are literally the life of the community in Hohensythen, the government sanatorium at which these unusual patients were taken. The patients are cripples who are "set up in life" by means of strenuous athletic routines, on the interesting theory that one who has learned to overcome his physical handicaps will be a more useful and happy citizen in his daily life. It is when a man with an incomplete

anatomy starts to be defensive about his condition, and feels helpless, that his mental health starts to suffer.

To avoid this, exercise is the constant rule at the hospital 50 miles from Berlin. The most are taught to be adept at all kinds of sports. A missing leg or arm is no excuse for shirking workouts on the trapeze, on the "horses," nor on the exercise wheel. Neither is it accepted as an alibi for declining to run, jump, and box with fellow-cripples. Graduates come out smiling and self-reliant, and have nothing but praise for their "alma mater."

"Mental cripples" are also treated there, because it has been found that even strictly mental cases are often improved by exercise. The truth is, say the doctors at Hohensythen, that many mental cases, even though they seem to have nothing to do with the body, are, in fact, rooted in organic weakness, and can be corrected by proper exercise.

Sanatorium heads in other countries have been watching the "school" for some time. The results convinced them and they now favor the sensible "exercise cure" in their own balliwicks.

The Theory at Hohensythen Is That If a Cripple Can Do Physical Feats Better Than More Fortunate Persons, He Will Gain Confidence and Not Be a Social Burden. This One-Armed Man Is a Wonder on the Exercise Wheel. To the Right of Him, Two One-Legged Men Are Fighting It Out With Gloves. They Keep Their Balance Even After Heavy Punctures.



Some of the Crippled Athletes of Hohensythen, a Sanatorium Near Berlin, Are Better Than Many Sound-Bodied Amateurs. This Fellow Has Just Completed a Good Jump, in Spite of a Missing Leg.

Women Abolish Hand-Kissing

OF COURSE, hand-kissing is not an American custom. It is looked upon with distrust and ridicule as a foreign importation, better kept for those nations in which it is accepted. But now even foreign nations are abolishing the gesture as being out-of-date and rather foolish. Latest country to report a reform movement against the practice is Bosnia, in the Balkans, where a reversal of hand-kissing as we know it has long been strictly enforced.

In Bosnia, one of the worst breaches of etiquette has been for a woman to fail to kiss the hand of a man if he is older than she. It is the women themselves who are forcing the change, because they have decided to improve their social standing. For centuries as a sign of the man's superiority women were expected to make the abominable tribute to the males. But a peasant women's assembly in Banlin (Orak), in Glisnac Mountain, recently abolished the gesture unanimously.



Mr. Smith's Ingenious Stage Direction of His Suicide

Instead of the Engagement Ring She Expected, He Presented Mrs. Dillon With His Corpse at His Death Party in the Lonely Boat House by a "Didn't Know It Was Loaded" Variation Which Almost Sent Her to Prison



"Pull the Trigger," the Sportsman Urged, "the Gun Isn't Loaded." And His Flancon, Unaware That Death Was Lurking Near, Did. There Was a Slight Noise and He Dropped Dead at Her Feet.

"PULL the trigger," Jacko urged me, "you know it isn't loaded." "I pulled it, but the gun made a little noise, so little that when he fell on his face without a word I thought he was joking until that dreadful blood began to spread around I loved him so—oh, why did he make me do that?" "Yes, why indeed?" echoed the police sternly when they came just before dawn of Christmas morning to the lonely bungalow-beachhouse on Windermere Lake, North Lancashire, and arrested Mrs. Mary Evelyn Dillon, young, pretty but faithless wife of Major T. A. Dillon, of the Duke of Wellington's regiment. In all the annals of the English police there is no record of a more fantastic and improbable explanation for a killing than Mary Dillon's story of how she happened to shoot her lover, John Smith, well-known British sportsman and brother-in-law of the late Sir George Holden, Lancashire cotton mill magnate.

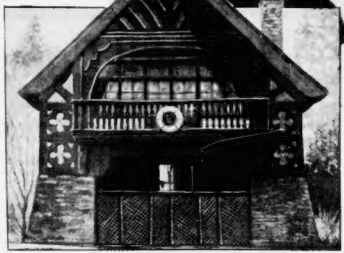
Of course, with plenty of witnesses to substantiate it, a jury would have to accept such a tale, no matter how incredible, but she had no witnesses at all. If ever a wife, caught in sin, and charged with manslaughter, seemed beyond human aid, it was this fictitious woman of 29 years. And she was indeed beyond human aid, but to her rescue came something intrinsically the cold world of inanimate objects, whose testimony is known as circumstantial evidence. Without mercy it betrays the liar and helps the truth teller. Preposterous though Mary Dillon's story was and still is, it happened to be the truth, and the police, setting out to convict her, were the very ones who saved her.

John Smith, known as Jacko to his friends, was a handsome sportsman, 28-year-old, with a good salary as a salesman for a colliery, besides a substantial inherited income. One of his favorite sports was automobile racing, in which he had met with several accidents, somewhat marring his handsome face until the plastic surgeons removed the scars. His other favorite sport was shooting, which caused him to adorn the walls of the rented boat-house-bungalow with a profusion of firearms. Smith was to the manner born, coming of an old and moderately wealthy family.

Quite the opposite was the woman destined to kill him. Mary, dark-eyed beauty of Preston, was the belle of the town, but the daughter of a bricklayer. At 19, working as salesgirl, she caught the fancy of Major Dillon, then a captain, and infatuated at first sight, he quickly persuaded her to marry him. Like most army officers, Dillon was a man of some means and high social standing.

Perhaps because he was older or because she was taken in India and other uncomfortable places or any of the various other reasons which move wives to untrue, the major had recently heard that things were not as they should be at home while he was away. They had talked things over, a divorce was being planned, and meanwhile Mrs. Dillon had taken a job as assistant manager of a small Lancashire hotel. There she fell in love with Smith, one of her guests, and has made no denial of going around with him during the past six months.

Mr. Fox, lodge keeper of the estate where the bungalow-beachhouse stands, testified that at 7:30 P. M. Christmas Eve, Smith and Mrs. Dillon, in Smith's car, arrived, that he helped them to the bungalow with their luggage and bundles of food, finally leaving them at 9:30 P. M. The next he heard from the place were the screams of Mrs.



Scene of the Strange Tragedy, the Boat House Bungalow on Windermere Lake, North Lancashire, England.

Dillon at 1:30 A. M. "Jacko! Jacko!" she cried. "You said it wasn't loaded. Get a doctor!" Mr. Fox found the woman in a pitiful condition, her dress torn to shreds, her slippers lost and her legs a mass of lacerations from fighting her way through briar patches. She was partly intoxicated and wholly hysterical. While his wife telephoned for a doctor, Fox, with a lantern, went down to the bungalow, where he found Smith, lying face down in a pool of blood, dead from a wound over his heart. The doctor called the police, who found a small shotgun on a chair.

Meanwhile Mary had made a statement to Mrs. Fox, and now she had to tell it all over again to the representatives of the law.

"He told me to pull the trigger because he said it wasn't loaded. I didn't want to because it was loaded right at his chest, but he was smiling, as if it were some sort of joke and I was sure it could not be loaded, so I did."

"It went off, but it only made a little noise, not a loud bang, like the other two times, so I supposed it was only a blank and when he fell on his face without a sound I thought he was

just trying to scare me until I saw that dreadful blood spreading out."

"What made you so sure it wasn't loaded?" the police sergeant wanted to know, and Mary replied:

"I don't know much about guns, but this was a double barreled one. He fired one into the lake and then he fired the other into the ceiling."

"Did it make a mark in the ceiling?"

"Oh, yes, it made a hole."

"Show me where you stood when you fired at the ceiling."

Mary indicated where she had stood, but there was not so much as a speck of powder on that ceiling, though long enough so that even a blank would have made a large spot of powder burns. The woman looked puzzled, but could only falter:

"That's queer. Where did it go? I am sure there was a hole."

Circumstantial evidence seemed to be working against her, but it wasn't. With another gun taken from the wall, the sergeant made her show him just how the dead man's hands had been placed when he held the muzzle against his chest. Next the policeman made her go back and tell everything that had happened since their arrival the previous evening. He related, among many trivial matters, that she had arranged a little supper of hors-d'oeuvre and that they had enjoyed many drinks. She said that Jacko had just bought the little shotgun and kept playing with it, like a new toy.

"What were you talking about when he brought you the gun that last time?" the sergeant asked, and Mary

answered:

"I was just saying that I wanted to give him his Christmas present, but he asked me to wait a moment until he was ready to give me mine. He was already advancing toward me with the gun at the time."

"Do you know what his present for you was?"

"I am not sure, but from what he had said I rather expected it would be some sort of ring. We were planning to be married after my divorce, and Jacko wanted me to consider myself engaged."

Then she told the details of her journey to the lodge. First she found that the doors were all locked on the inside and she could not get out until a frantic search for keys located them all in a bunch flung out, she promptly became lost in the dark. After floundering around and losing the path several times, she came back and tried it again with an oil lamp.

This made it possible to follow the path about half way until she fell on an icy spot and the lamp, being of glass, smashed and went out. In darkness again, she lost the path repeatedly, lacerating her legs with briars and heather. After several falls the bewildered woman tried walking in her stockings feet. On her next fall her shoes flew out of her hands and she never saw them again. It seemed hours before she reached the lodge.

Mary said there had been no jealousy, no cooling off, no quarrel of any sort, no suggestion of bucking out of the planned marriage; all love, tenderness and happiness. Then the sergeant pointed out something to her:

"You want us to believe that a tender, ardent lover, on Christmas Eve, instead of giving an engagement ring to the woman he loved best in all the world, made a Christmas present of himself as a corpse, and in such a fiendishly ingenious manner that I don't see how any jury can fail to con-

vince you of at least manslaughter."

"Yes," she admitted, "it is crazy, it is impossible. It does not make sense, but it is true."

Mary Dillon was locked up at Hawkehead and after a long rest invited to tell a more reasonable story. But no matter how many times she retold it, never did she vary a single detail, though freely adding any new ones that came to her mind. Right then the police began to have their doubts, because guilty people don't act that way. Either they say nothing or they keep revising the original statement.

Meanwhile circumstantial evidence began to make its weight felt. Everywhere it touched that crazy story it made the preposterous thing ring true. The police found the broken lamp, the lost slippers and shreds of her clothing over areas of ground, and the brass had written their testimony on her legs. This was the least important. But the first thorough inspection of the bungalow revealed a gunshot hole in the ceiling, though at the opposite end of the building from where Mary had said it should be. Mr. Fox was positive it had not been there before Christmas Eve. The woman had told the truth as she had remembered it, but had the location wrong.

In the dead man's vest pocket, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, was found a jeweler's box containing an emerald ring to fit Mrs. Dillon's engagement finger. The jeweler stated that Mr. Smith had told him it was an engagement ring.

Two exploded shells were found in the chambers of the gun and finally a third, bobbing in the water of the lake, showing that, as she said, three shots had been fired. One empty shell had been removed for the fatal third shot. It was easy to establish that Mary Dillon not only knew nothing of firearms, but was afraid of them. It was most unlikely that she put in that third shell.

But fingerprints delivered the knockout blow. Hated and feared by the

criminal world beyond all other forms of circumstantial evidence because it sends so many to the gallows and prison, few realize that this infallible, silent witness proves innocence as well as guilt.

Impressions on the dead gun showed not only that Mary's hands had been where she asserted they were, but that Smith's were also where she had said. All this agreed perfectly with expert medical testimony, that the muzzle must have been about an inch from the man's chest when the gun was fired. Furthermore, the charge entering the chest at such close range was shown on X-rays to have a muffled effect, explaining Mrs. Dillon's statement that the explosion hadn't seemed very loud.

For these reasons Mrs. Dillon was released on the unusually small bail of \$500, put up by her husband, who few all the way from his post at Malta to perform his service for his erring wife. Then, in the little court-house at Hawkehead the other day three magistrates, one a woman, heard all that was known about the strange case and dismissed it for lack of enough evidence to lay before a jury. Mr. Darham, prosecuting lawyer for the Crown, had frankly admitted that Mary's story, incredible though it sounded, could not be challenged because it was everywhere borne out.

But what did happen? The court has said that it was not manslaughter. Nor does anyone insist that it was a case of suicide, though some believe it was. This would mean that the twenty-six-year-old sportsman and playboy was also a schemer who contrived one of the most diabolic tragedies ever invented for stage-directing his own death. Some of his friends doubt this case, even that Jacko slipped that third cartridge into the gun and then forgot he had done it. But others wonder why the young sportsman was playing with the gun in the first place and why he insisted that his sweetheart, "pull the trigger."



"Jacko" Smith, the British Sportsman, Who May Have Directed His Own Killing, Flashed an Incredibly Cruel "Joke" on the Woman Who Loved Him.

Mrs. Mary Evelyn Dillon, Who So Narrowly Escaped Going on Trial for Her Sweetheart's Death, Because Her Story Seemed So Improbable. Though She Could Not Call on Human Witnesses to Prove Her Innocence, Police Found Innumerable Ones That Convinced Them She Could Not Be Her Sweetheart's Murderer.

view of you of at least manslaughter."

"Yes," she admitted, "it is crazy, it is impossible. It does not make sense, but it is true."

Mary Dillon was locked up at Hawkehead and after a long rest invited to tell a more reasonable story. But no matter how many times she retold it, never did she vary a single detail, though freely adding any new ones that came to her mind. Right then the police began to have their doubts, because guilty people don't act that way. Either they say nothing or they keep revising the original statement.

Meanwhile circumstantial evidence began to make its weight felt. Everywhere it touched that crazy story it made the preposterous thing ring true. The police found the broken lamp, the lost slippers and shreds of her clothing over areas of ground, and the brass had written their testimony on her legs. This was the least important. But the first thorough inspection of the bungalow revealed a gunshot hole in the ceiling, though at the opposite end of the building from where Mary had said it should be. Mr. Fox was positive it had not been there before Christmas Eve. The woman had told the truth as she had remembered it, but had the location wrong.

In the dead man's vest pocket, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, was found a jeweler's box containing an emerald ring to fit Mrs. Dillon's engagement finger. The jeweler stated that Mr. Smith had told him it was an engagement ring.

Two exploded shells were found in the chambers of the gun and finally a third, bobbing in the water of the lake, showing that, as she said, three shots had been fired. One empty shell had been removed for the fatal third shot. It was easy to establish that Mary Dillon not only knew nothing of firearms, but was afraid of them. It was most unlikely that she put in that third shell.

But fingerprints delivered the knockout blow. Hated and feared by the

Pretty Coeds at Arizona State College Putting the Finishing Touches on the Model House They Built to Prove They Could Handle Tools as Well as the Boys on the Campus.

Arizona's Moce "House that Jill Built"

STANDING on the campus of the State College at Tempe, Arizona, is a trim little building of which the pretty coeds of the institution are very proud. They point it out to visitors to the college as

tangible proof that the old saw about women's place being in the home should be revised.

"It shows," said one of the coeily students shown in the picture on the left, "that modern women can be homemakers, literally, and work with the saw, the hammer and the plane as well as the frying pan and the broom."

In short, some of the girls pursuing knowledge at the Arizona State College got it into their heads that it might be fun to go in for manual training and show the boys a thing or two. They talked the matter over with the instructor in that branch of learning and with the dean of women. To those members of the faculty the idea sounded a trifle goofy, but they did not try to discourage the girls from taking a ding at carpentering.

After all, there was nothing in the rules of the institution which barred the fair sex from taking the manual training course and it might be interesting to see what came out of the co-ed's labors with tools that have been the exclusive property of males since "way back."

The boys, with

good-humored masculine superiority, aided and abetted the girls and watched developments. They were laying bets, and giving odds—that the model house produced by their campus mates would be one of the most "cockeyed" structures ever raised on the soil of Arizona.

The girls, between classes in algebra and psychology went to the manual training workshop and applied themselves in the practical business of using the familiar tools of carpentry. They got a grouse/hawk in the use of the hammer, the saw and kindred gadgets and, in a sort time, took a set of simple plans and tackled their model house. That they turned out a remarkably good job can be seen in the photograph which was snapped when they were putting the finishing touches on the diminutive dwelling.

The males who came around to scoff remained to praise, because the building grew rapidly into a plumb, stout house with no cockeyed features at all. The door fitted perfectly and the windows slid up and down easily. Every joint was tight and not a shingle was out of line.

The carpenterettes, when the job was done, wisely refused to be surprised at the standing proof of their ability at an ancient manual trade. They pronounced the job as a simple one, calling for no great

amount of physical and mental exertion and suggested that the boys try their hands at domestic science, as a counter experiment.

None of the fair house builders will say that she would like to do such work for a living, or expects to after graduation. But the girls do insist that putting buildings of wood up is a job that calls for more brain than brute strength and that there's no good reason why women wouldn't make good carpenters if they were interested in that trade.

The head of the college manual training department frankly admitted that he was surprised at the speed and accuracy with which the girls worked. He expected a lot of blistered hands and pounded fingernails—and a certain amount of sloppy work in the finer details of the diminutive dwelling. But he was happily in error. The "model" home is a bang-up job.

Art from the Munitions Factory

THE Soviet Russian is a past master at making grotesque statues of the things he hates. His government has so encouraged him in this art that the U. S. S. R. has for years been producing extra large crops of caricatures and effigies. The Nazi soldier, the church, the playboy of wealth, and the local drunkard have been favorite subjects for his mockery in the past.

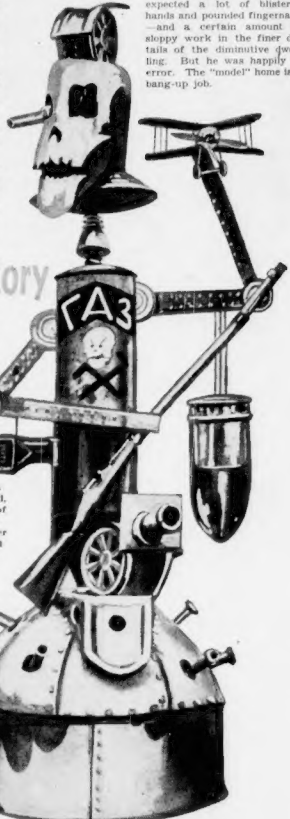
But recently a group of munitions workers near Leningrad applied the propaganda methods hammered into them to belittle their enemies when they put together their satirical version of the God of War. The macabre iron man," as can be seen from the picture, was created out of worn-out war materials.

Its metal anatomy they reconstructed from "dial" bullets, pipes, an ancient rifle, a model of an airplane, the turret of a war-tank for a base, and similar odds and ends from a nearby munitions dump. The rusty remnants of the last war thus symbolically compose the sinister figure of modern times, whose horrors are thereby suggested to be the ghost of the World War and its destruction.

The Russian powers that be have hailed the statue as a caricature of what other countries are doing, and so the unusual piece of anti-war propaganda got by the censors unscathed. Since the statue whose sinews are instruments of war was made by those who manufacture war materials, they are unusually qualified to lampoon the subject. Being in constant touch with war in the making, they perhaps are best aware of the spirit of destruction they help create.

At least, what resulted was not just another cartoon, according to one peace organization, but a real work of art, bearing the soulless shape of organized mass murder. The evil, trunk-bearded machine is now being hailed as the symbol of merciless, relentless militarism—as it rears itself in certain nations aggressively opposed to Communism.

The robot of death is a humorless and grim reminder that mankind may yet be destroyed by its own false god of war.



A Russian Idea of the War God, Made Entirely of Implements of Death. The Queer Statue Was Set Up Outside a Factory in Moscow.

OUR HEADLINE

Made Flying Farmers of the Bombing Squadron

WHEN, last year, a number of pilots were sent to the 23rd Bombing Squadron at Luke Field, Hawaii, they expected to lead active lives making observation trips and doing considerable bomb-dropping. To their astonishment they had to put in part of the time as aerial farmers and plant tons of seeds from the sky. Some of them realized that the old biblical counsel to turn swords into plowshares had a modern extension in war-planes being used like that to raise crops. Instead of sowing destruction, many kinds of seeds were planted, and Mother Earth received, not death from the sky, but life in the form of perennial trees, bushes and crops of grass. The aviators alternated their time between military maneuvers and the air-agriculture with which the Government is experimenting in the Hawaiian Islands. The attempt is being made to fertilize the barren land areas in order to prevent erosion, especially hard-to-reach mountain tops. This can be done much more rapidly and with less man-power when the seeds are sown from the air.

Like Ali Baba's flying carpet, from which he sowed seeds that sprang into being, the big bombing planes are doing something which a few generations ago would have been regarded as miraculous. In recent years there have been efforts by the Government to kill insect pests from planes, but this is said to be the first time that such a large experiment has been made to plant crops. Great piles of bags full of seed are the unusual "armory" for these air-raids over the barren parts of land, and a mechanic on these trips does nothing but hand the sacks to the side of the plane and let the seeds fall out. He sows furrows in the air, but by the time they reach earth they are widely scattered. There is little overlapping of seeds.

It still remains to be seen whether the seeds will "catch on" and grow, but those in charge believe that the chances are good, because all kinds of hardy specimens were used. Of course, whatever variety favored the most readily will be favored in future air sowing. Curiously enough, the aviators find the work so exciting that they are not in the least disgruntled to find themselves scientific farmers of the air.

When Hens Fell From the Sky

"IT POURED cats and dogs" is an old saying that had a new and literal twist to it the other day when it started to rain chickens on the border of Holland. A whirlwind struck a number of chicken farms around Landens and, like a thief in the night, made off with a good hundred squawking and kicking chickens. But as the wind passed over a nearby village it seemed to lose its strength and began to drop the chickens, and first only one or two, and then suddenly they all came tumbling down. Not only were the inhabitants surprised, they were delighted with the large "snowflakes" that came out of the stormy sky, and soon everybody was in the streets, looking for stray "nansies" from heaven. The dazed hens were taken in the spirit in which they were given, and many a Dutch household had chicken for dinner that night, all unexpectedly. One farmer who watched the direction the storm took his chickens arrived a few hours later to recover his hens, but went home empty-handed.



A Mohammedan Doll from Punjab, India, Accurate in Every Detail of the Native Costume. The Hooded Figure in the Center Is the Same Doll in the Cape Worn by Expectant Mothers. —And Right—A Doll Made by the Labrador Eskimos. The Outfit Is Authentic. Even to the Seal-skin Boots.



A Doll Likeness of a Korean Mother.

ella was a girl, but Mrs. Franklin H. Robbins of New York City makes a good substitute for one. Mrs. Robbins is the keeper of the ever-normal-dollery, which provides her granddaughter Jean with at least five presents a year, regardless of crop and market conditions.

"I started collecting dolls for my granddaughter when she was born," Mrs. Robbins explains. "And I have been giving them to her one or two at a time, each time requiring her to prove that she knows the names of the ones she already has."

Fairy godmothers are not as common today as they were when Cinder-

ella has been given story books dealing with the people represented in her way providing her with interesting

information about the different countries. Some of the dolls were bought in this country and dressed by Mrs. Robbins, but the majority were obtained abroad either by herself or by friends. At present her collection contains representatives of sixty-one countries.

A few of the most interesting are shown on this page. The hooded doll in the middle of the group, which looks as though it might be dressed for a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan, is really a Mohammedan expectant mother from Punjab, India. Going into hiding this way is an old Indian custom.

The same doll, without its hood, is shown at the extreme left. The other members of the group are, from left to right: an Eskimo from Labrador; a Korean mourner in the traditional mourning garb of that country, feeling his way around with a stick; a Chinese fisherman in the all-weather costume affected by people of his class; and finally a Negro mother with her child from Punjab, India. Going into hiding this way is an old Indian custom.

"I have selected some of the costumes for beauty and some because they were picturesque or otherwise interesting," Mrs. Robbins says. "The Labrador Eskimo is a good example of the latter. This doll was hand-carved and dressed by a Labrador fisherman's wife and is an exact replica of its subject, even down to the boots which are made of real seal-skin."

Other outstanding members of the collection are a Hindu milkmaid and a pair of Hungarian peasants. Mrs. Robbins has more than once been urged to sell some of her unusual dolls, but she wants it definitely known that they are not for sale. They are all delectable to little Jean's growing doll collection.

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One of the Strangest Delegates to the Panama Convention of Dolls Is This Oddity from British East Africa. It Was Fashioned by Natives of Nairobi and Many Days Were Spent Making the Apron and Earrings of Beads.

A Coolie Doll Made by Chinese Craftsmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's Own "Cruelties of 1937"



"Deserted in a Shack Full of Scorpions," Says She—"Beat Me Up With a Board," Says He—But the Climax, Says She Again, Was That Horrid Motion Picture

ACCORDING to his wife's testimony, Frohman, Anderson, automotive research engineer of Detroit, Michigan, has achieved an all-time record in mental cruelty. Divorce courts have always conceded that one of the most intolerable forms of wife-torture is for a husband to tell her that he has been making love to another and to regale her with all the harrowing details.

About the only thing that is supposed to keep a wife's reason from being unseated entirely from jealous fury on such an occasion, is the saving thought that men rarely tell about such things and, therefore, probably he is just inventing the story to torment her.

Mrs. Ida F. Angelot Anderson, in her divorce suit against her 34-year-old husband, says he left her no such reason of doubt, "Seeing is believing," and Ida states that Mr. Anderson fixed things so she saw it all.

Of course, if a man should be so rash as to invite his wife to watch him make love to another woman at a specified time and place, she would probably be there, with witnesses, detectives, police and perhaps a gun. He would be lucky to get out of it with no worse than a divorce, plus the heaviest alimony an indignant judge could impose.

Even should the wife do none of these things nor even interrupt the proceedings with an axe, he would hardly be able to make love to the third party and at the same time watch his wife's jealous anguish. No doubt for these reasons no husband ever played that mean trick on a wife.

An automotive engineer's business is to get around difficulties, and Mr. Anderson must be a smart one, because, if his wife is to be believed, he got around all these had features of having a wife actually see his love-making. Ida asserts that he had an indiscreet moving picture made and "took particular delight" in showing it to his friends as well as to her.

But she says what humiliated her most was that the hero of the picture was her own husband and, judging by her description, the leading lady came smirking and wriggling into view in the form of a Mexican senorita who obviously did not seem to be any better than she ought to be. Mrs. Anderson says that the scene ran into a desperate flirtation with that Mexican hussey, which went from bad to worse under her horrified eyes.

Furthermore, she charges that he admitted that he had exhibited these pictures on numerous other occasions and that he called himself "the world's greatest lover," but told her that as far as she was concerned "he was dead."

She does not say whether or not there were any titles or sound track with this terribly moving movie, but no doubt none was needed if the star who had played the title role of "Great Lover" was there in person and could give it all in the form of "She said" and "I said" dialogue.

What the wife said when this alleged entertainment was over has not been recorded, but if she conducted herself as most wives would, she must have been almost apoplectic with fury, and perhaps she took that occasion to announce her intention of getting a divorce.

At any rate, when she did take up the matter, she says, she discovered he had already obtained a Mexican divorce without her knowledge.

Through the aid of the French Consul she managed to get back to Detroit, where she started her own suit for divorce, asking \$30 a week alimony. Mr. Anderson's answer was to produce as Exhibit A his beautifully engraved Mexican divorce, showing that he was already divorced crisp and clean from the plaintiff. His theory was that you can't re-divorce an already-divorced husband any more than you can kill a dead man.

A Mexican divorce is fine for a Mexican, and even all right for an American until challenged in an American court, when, for one reason or another, it usually gets thrown out. In this case Judge Vincent M. Brennan, of the Circuit Court, set it aside on the grounds that Anderson was not a bona-fide resident of Mexico when it was granted, and, therefore, Mr. Anderson, much against his wishes, was re-married from that Mexican marital graveyard and brought to life again as a husband, in full legal standing and responsibility, at Detroit.

This permitted Mrs. Anderson's divorce suit, which, if made into a review might be called "The Cruelties of 1937," to crawl slowly to the court docket toward trial.

The two were married August, 1934, at Albion, Indiana, and were popular among the younger engineer and technician set at the automobile capital. Especially, they were always prominent at the Scarab Ball, Detroit's annual costume party for the "elite," and they seem to have been congenial until last June, when the serious trouble began. Up to that time Anderson was still telling everyone that his wife was the most beautiful woman in the world, and a man who will say that publicly, as if he meant it, can get away with considerable shortcomings privately.

In May he invited Ida on a pleasure trip to Acapulco, 200 miles from Mexico City, where, as she knew, his mother and his brother, Spencer Anderson, ran a hotel. Like everyone else, she imagined that it would be delightful for once to live in a hotel, without worrying about any bill mounting in the office downstairs. May, being the tag-end of the Mexican tourist season, hotels are usually empty, but in a dark corner crouched a hairy thing which ruined business elsewhere. Acapulco for some reason prospered so much that the hotel was still full of cash customers, forcing Frohman and Ida to take quarters elsewhere. She describes their abode as a dreadful shack.

And there she learned for the first



Mr. and Mrs. Anderson in Costume of the Famous Scarab Ball in Detroit, Where, She Says, He Said to Friends That He Wasn't Her "Dear Husband" Any More.

time that the trip was to combine business with pleasure. She was cordially invited to invest money in a local business venture which Spencer wanted to undertake. Ida asserts that when she declined the proposition on the grounds that it was "wild and impossible," the two brothers beat her up until she was willing to oblige them, but unfortunately couldn't for the reason that she hadn't any money to invest because, according to her account, Frohman had already gotten all she had away from her, including stock which she says is still paying him dividends.

When she shifted to that argument it was too late to make them believe her, and so, she says, they left her a prisoner in the shack, swarming with scorpions and spiders. Big fat, black spiders and shiny blue ones descended onto her bed from the ceiling on their threats. Others which she feared were black widows hopped around the floor among the playful scorpions and in a dark corner crouched a hairy thing with shiny eyes, and almost as big as

a kitten, which she understood to be a tarantula. After a few hours of this Ida would gladly have invested millions in an acre of Mexico's blue sky, in order to get out of the country, but, unfortunately, she hadn't a nickel. It was useless for her to yell for help because nobody was within earshot except natives who neither understood English nor liked Americans. But, judging by her account of it, they did understand and were entirely "sympathetic" with her husband and brother-in-law because, though their father had been a Swede, their mother was a Mexican.

How long the ordeal lasted the plaintiff does not state, but finally she was moved to an apartment in Mexico City, where, if there were any vermin, at least they were not of such terrifying kind, and she says she stayed there till the consul aided her. Then she missed her marriage certificate and think that her husband took it for use in connection with his Mexican id-

The Hero of the Film, Says Ida, Was Frohman Himself, and the Heroine, a Smirking Senorita. The Scene Ran Into a Desperate Flirtation Which, Mrs. Anderson Complains, Went From Bad to Worse, While Mr. Anderson Supplied His Own Sound Effects and Dialogue.

in the world. Impulsively she seems to have decided to forget everything and, throwing her arms about Frohman, announced to everyone:

"This is my very dear husband!"

But Mr. Anderson didn't follow the proper sequence. Instead, he is said to have disengaged himself and with a pained expression quite unlike that in his "Great Lover" film, replied:

"Not any more—thank you very much." In some ways this public rebuff was more cruel than scorpions and tarantulas, so Ida thinks. However, the cruelty charges are not all on one side by any means. In his Mexican divorce petition, Anderson contends that the union failed to provide children, which presumably was a cruelty of nature, but as a personal matter that she was also "intemperate and had a bad disposition."

On top of this he told the Mexican court that she swore at him, insulted him gravely and called him a half-breed. Since a person who is half-Swede and half-Mexican would be just that, and since Mexico is full of half-breeds and considering that some of that class have achieved high distinction in the arts and politics, it does not sound like such a very deadly insult—but perhaps she forgot to say it with a smile.

It is also said that Anderson has shown his friends places where, he asserted, she had clawed him—and once he claimed she had bitten him as well.

Also, he charged, wasn't it cruel to fly into a rage and bounce glassware off a husband's countenance "causing serious lesions"? Furthermore, he says it hurt her feeling to have the wife of his besom threaten to kill him.

But the thing that apparently disturbed him most was his accusation that once she "beat him with a heavy board, causing grave lesions."

Anderson denies that he and his brother used violence on Ida or left her prisoner in a den of scorpions and tarantulas. Mexico is a hot country where these insects are likely to be found prowling in most anyone's home, but they rarely sting anyone.

As for that unspeakable moving picture, if he did show it to her, as she charges, perhaps he thought it was all right. What if it did portray an indiscretion? Hollywood actors and actresses are paid big money for making love on the screen, so say nothing of committing sins.

Going back to that moving picture, here is exactly what Mrs. Anderson alleges in her formal complaint:

"That on to wit, the 15th day of October A. D. 1937, in the home of friends, the defendant greatly humiliated this plaintiff in showing a film of moving pictures, wherein the said defendant appeared in a star role together with a Spanish senorita, or senora. That the film was smutty and pornographic, and at the conclusion of the show the plaintiff was very much embarrassed."

"That the defendant on numerous other occasions admitted that he had exhibited these pictures. That on one occasion the said defendant called himself 'the world's greatest lover,' and he said that as far as this plaintiff was concerned, he was dead, as these 'lovers' were."

Her "Cruelties of 1937" Charges Against the Research Engineer.

voice. It seems that somewhere, without knowing what it was all about, she was served with notice of the suit. Therefore, when she made no answer, it appeared to make the divorce extra valid.

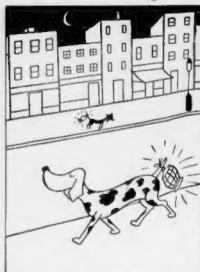
Mrs. Anderson, in contending that the divorce was valid, quoted Article XII of the Civil Code of the Federal District of Mexico, which distinctly says that "a residence of any particular length of time is not required and not necessary in the Federal District of Mexico." In fact, Mexican divorce laws make no mention as to residence or domicile. Radical Mexican laws can deprive Americans of their property and even of their liberty in Mexico, but they cannot reach across the border and affect the lives of American citizens in their own country, as Mr. Anderson has found out.

Having returned to Detroit and recovered sufficiently to attend the most recent Scarab Ball, where she appeared to be as beautiful as ever, Mrs. Anderson caught sight of her 34-year-old husband, also handsome as ever, with his black hair, olive complexion and bright, sad expression. No doubt she yearned to have him tell her again that she was still the most beautiful woman

Trying to Wipe Out Our Fanatical Blue Laws



Alabama Husbands Have the Right to Beat Their Wives With a Stick No Larger Than the Thumb.



A Law in Berea, Ohio, Requires Animals on the Street After Dark to "Prominently Display Red Lights."



To Buy a Chicken at Night in Idaho, the Purchaser Must First Get a Sheriff's Permit.



Burglary Is a Crime That Can Be Committed Only at Night, According to an Old Law in Kentucky.



To Wear a False Mustache in Church and Thereby Cause Laughter Is Against the Law in Alabama.



In Michigan a Wife's Clothes Belong to Her Husband. If She Tries to Run Away He May Undress Her.

Kiss Your Wife, or Buy a Chicken After Dark? Leave Your Guns Home From Church? Pet Dog Hasn't a Red Light on His Tail?--Vermont Is Trying to Stop This



Satirical Sign Hung by Opponents of Vermont's Blue Laws, on the Spot Linking Vermont and New Hampshire.

A CURIOUS sort of rebellion broke out the other day in Vermont against the foolish old blue laws which were written about 200 years ago to save the souls of the Puritans from the devil and their scalps from the pesky redskins and right now it seems to have the harassed authorities completely stumped. It's such a peculiar situation they just don't know what to do about it.

Instead of simply demanding that the fanatical laws be repealed (which has frequently been done before, with a notable lack of success), the indignant and progressive citizens who started this new kind of revolt are insisting that every last one of those absurd old regulations be strictly enforced, without fear or favor.

Of course, their object is to make everybody so sick and tired of blue laws that they will finally be wiped out. But so far, they've only managed to make the whole idea a big headache to prosecutors, policemen and sheriffs, who don't think it's a bit funny.

Worse than that, however, this peaceful spring may pinch a lot of thirty Vermonters in a place that really hurts, which is the pocketbook—for if Vermont Sundays are made as blue as indigo, as the antiquated laws say they must be, that will undoubtedly put a serious crimp in the profitable winter sports business and the equally lucrative summer tourist trade.

But people in other parts of the country who think this is just something to laugh about had better watch out. They might catch it, too, because it's a highly contagious sort of thing and might spread like an influenza epidemic to all the other States that have neglected to repeal their own stupid legislative enactments—and there certainly are plenty of them.

The disturbance in Vermont started innocently enough. The good people of Brattleboro were trying to raise money for a hospital and they thought that a nice way to do that would be by running a movie theatre on Sunday. And it would have been profitable because Brattleboro did not have any Sunday movies, although there was one in nearby Bellows Falls.

So they asked the local prosecutor if he thought anybody would object. After all, the only restriction against Sunday movies was one of those senseless old blue laws, which were only enforced when somebody made a fuss over them. Besides, this was for a worthy cause.

The local prosecutor said it was all right with him—still, just to be on the safe side, they had better speak to the man higher up. But as soon as the man higher up heard what they had in mind he threw up his hands and gasped: "My goodness, no!"



The Old Puritan Blue Laws Were Eventually So Widely Resented That the People Gathered Around the Pillories in New England and Cheered the Victims and Even Heaped Flowers at Their Feet.

movie theatre closed on Sunday. "So he says he is elected to enforce every one of Vermont's laws, foolish or otherwise," said Mr. Kiniry. "All right, well keep him busy."

Then the fun began, and for several days Mr. Kiniry, his lawyers and his angry customers have been digging up new laws and nagging Windham County authorities to enforce them. They raised such a rumpus that Chief of Police Perkins finally arrested his own brother for buying a pair of ice cream and a cigar on the Sabbath and when the druggists heard about that they refused to sell anything at their soda fountains on Sunday, which brought a wall of fire protest from all the boys and girls who subsist largely on ice cream sodas.

One of the worst absurd things that happened was when a doctor with a sweet tooth walked up to a soda fountain and solemnly wrote himself a prescription for a milk shake.

"It's twelvetime to me," he said, "and I'm in such a bad way I can't pull through to Monday without it."

With equal solemnity, the druggist scrutinized the prescription and then filled it, knowing that he was safely within the law, just as druggists were in the good old bootlegging days when

jury that resoundingly pronounced him "not guilty!"

The full absurdity of the situation was not realized, however, till somebody dug up a law of 1779 stating that anybody who was in the woods or away from home for any other reason on Saturday night must stay at the nearest inn until Monday, to avoid needless travel on Sunday. Otherwise, he was to be fined \$20 and if he didn't have the money he was to be whipped twenty strokes across the back in the public square.

Sunday was about the only day the hard-working Puritans had any time to go wandering around looking at the scenery, but that scenery was liable to be full of numerous Indians. So the prudent thing was for everybody to stay indoors on the Lord's Day, except when going to the meeting house.

Enforcement of that old law against Sunday travel would deal a staggering financial blow to such states as Vermont and New Hampshire. They get a generous share of holiday motorists who go there all summer long, buying most anything from gasoline and chewing gum to picture postcards and other harmless curios. And, lately, the new craze for winter sports has made their snow-covered mountainsides regular gold mines for frosty week-ends.

Of course, a haggard Sunday motorist might persuade a cop that he was hunting for a doctor and not getting any enjoyment out of it. But nobody could pretend that flying down a mountain on skis was for any purpose but fun, although it sometimes does not look that way, at the finish.

But the police said they were sorry they couldn't do it because they had just about run out of warrants. And they had, too. Scores of people had already been arrested for such heinous offenses as cleaning a spark plug or fixing an automobile tire on Sunday, or selling bread, candy, kerosene or anything else except medicine. (But most of them have already been acquitted—as was Mr. Kiniry, who was tried by a

jury that resoundingly pronounced him "not guilty!"

A Citizen of Bellows Falls, Vermont, Returning the Old Law, Which Still Requires Worshipers to Carry Blunderbusses to the Meeting House. Strangely Enough, a South Carolina Law, as Shown Above, Also Makes It an Offense to Go to Church Unarmed.

keep boys from trying to escape the dreary sermons by firing off sneezes the blunderbusses. But the harsh restriction must have been mighty unpleasant for anyone suffering from hay fever.

Alabama's prize statute is one against causing laughter in church by wearing a false mustache, though just why anyone would want to do that is pretty much of a mystery, even in Alabama. But perhaps the sternest blue law of all is in Virginia, where a grim statute says that anyone who deliberately misses church three times in succession is a public enemy and may be put to death.

Protests against blue laws are nothing new—as can be seen from the rare old print in the center of this page, showing an angry populace throwing flowers to a man in the pillory, while Continental soldiers are holding back the mob. Furthermore, it isn't fair to blame all our silly statutes on our pre-Revolutionary ancestors. Some mighty strange ones were passed long after the last Puritan had gone to join the reward men. Mr. Dick Hyman has pointed out in his entertaining little volume, "It's the Law," published recently by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Legislators in Kentucky, for instance, have sagely laid down the legal requirement that "burglary can only be committed in the night-time," and in Idaho anybody who wants to buy a chicken after dark must have a permit from the sheriff.

In Michigan, a husband owns his wife's clothing and if she runs away he may follow her on the street and remove every last stitch she is wearing. Even more brutal is the Alabama measure which makes a husband accountable for his wife's misbehavior, but gives him the legal right to chastise her—with a stick no bigger than the thumb, nothing being said about the length of the stick.

And Tennessee still has a horse-and-buggy statute which says that the driver of an automobile must give ten days warning that he is going to travel along any public road by taking up notices. Equally cautious were the thoughtful town fathers in Berea, Ohio, when they enacted an ordinance that any animal on the streets after dark must prominently display a red tail light.

Right now there are about 10,000,000 laws and ordinances on the Federal, State and municipal statute books, and if every one of them were enforced the letter scarcely anybody could get through the day without being arrested, maybe ten or twenty times, for all kinds of silly things. So it's easy to see that if this peculiar epidemic of law-enforcement in Vermont should spread from coast to coast, the whole country would be in a pretty pickle.

"Empires of the Moon"

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Failed Because

Tremendous Trifle

Dramatized From Old Records

By H. Bedford-Jones



A Quaint Old Print, Enlarged From a French Stamp, of Josephine, Wife of Napoleon, Showing Her at the Time He Was First Consul.

No. 11—The Shadow of the Corsican.

PARTON settled his great bulk in the chair, after pouring some of the bitter ink fluid he called coffee, and surveyed me in his beaming fashion.

"You can't investigate any real conspiracy without finding a woman mixed up in it," he declared. "Take the greatest of them all, the conspiracy which would have changed the whole history of Europe in a flash, doing away with Napoleon—

More empires of the moon." I put in, on his desk was a queer old-fashioned razor, and I examined it with some interest. "Where'd you get this thing?"

"I'm talking about conspiracies," he reminded me. "The one at Rennes in 1801, you know."

"Rennes." Oh, that town in Brittany, in the west of France. I suppose you mean the Cadoul conspiracy, the infernal machine that blew up half a street in Paris—"I do not," he said with dignity. "That was merely a vulgar attempt at assassination. The conspiracy at Rennes was the most perfect of its kind imaginable, a conspiracy whose entire denouement was packed into four hours, and which slipped up by the queerest combination of incidents imaginable. Never was the famous luck of Napoleon more pronounced. But for it, he would have finished his career then and there. It was not the plot of a few men, but the conspiracy of an army, whipped to white heat by a woman—"

What's it got to do with this ancient form of whisker-chopper? I said, fingering the razor. "Anyhow, you're wrong. Napoleon was the idol of the army."

"Both," said Parton rudely. "He was the idol of his own army, the Army of Italy, but the others hated him. Especially the Army of the Rhine, the great heroic army of the French revolution which had fought all Europe for ten years. This army was formed of the most bitter Republicans. So was the Army of the West. Both of them hated Napoleon with a vivid and burning hatred—why? Because he had made himself First Consul, and meant to make himself king, as they thought. Those men had fought to do away with kings. Remember, Napoleon was just a little Corsican upstart to them, a man who threatened the liberty they had fought to win."

"And Bonaparte was afraid of those men, mortally afraid of them! He concentrated them at Rennes, two hundred miles from Paris. In his thirteenth military division there he had nearly eighty thousand men, ten thousand of them quartered in Rennes itself. He had just concluded peace with Europe, and now was sending a large part of these men off to San Domingo to get rid of them. General Bernadotte, whom he also hated and feared, was in command of them, but Bernadotte had just run up to Paris on leave."

"Never mind the lecture on history," I broke in. "You started to talk about a woman and a razor."

Parton eyed me severely. "Be patient," he intoned. "You have to understand the background before you can understand Annette Gault. Bonaparte in Paris, establishing himself in power as First Consul. Bernadotte, the sly, canny schemer, there also. At Rennes, the greatest army of France, heroes all of them, devoted to the ideal of liberty. And also at Rennes, with her lover, Major Vidal, was Annette."

Annette," he went on dreamily, "was like the sound of music and laughter, like the warm flash of light when you open a tavern door to come in out of the rain. She took hold of men just like that. Tall and slim, very dark, her most striking quality was her voice. She used it like the scarf of a dancer, like the rapier of a fencing-master. Now alight with energy, flicking out words like little stones. Now husky, alluring, now hinting, revealing, half-concealing, filled with mystery. She cherished a deep hatred for Bonaparte, who had ordered her brother shot in Egypt for some slight fault; her lover, Major Vidal, worshipped the Corsican. This was the only rift between them. You must see them in their little apartment near the parade-ground, on that cold December morning when the world shook under the invisible impact of destiny."

"A TRIFLE makes a dream—a trifle breaks," sang the English poet, Alfred Tennyson. And buried away in all but forgotten archives are many records which deal with conspiracies that might have changed the history of the world—dreams of Empires of Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only Empires of the Moon—moonshine.

The American Weekly presents on this page today the eleventh of a series dealing with such conspiracies. They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant American novelist, H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form presented as some gifted colorist of the time might have written them.

A HARD, fine, madly impulsive man. Major Vidal—young, handsome, a beau sabreur, and utterly devoted to Bonaparte. He had been on the staff in Egypt, and was on Bernadotte's staff here, but did not get on too well. He was too outspoken in his admiration for the man most of the others hated.

Annette got on well for she was pursued and adored by everyone. Now, as she sat wrapped in a fur pelisse and the fire. Vidal held a light to his pipe and frowned at her. "When the whole army goes on review at noon, why should General Simon give me two days' leave?" he grumbled.

A delicious trill of laughter broke from her. "My darling! You've been growling for weeks because you never get a day off. Now you have it, you still growl. Why can't we take a day in the country tomorrow?"

"Done with you?" His arm slipped around her, he held her against him, kissed her lips, gazed into her eyes. Those hard, steely eyes of his warmed and softened. "Ah, my heart's desire! Do you know that all headquarters loves you—even as they dislike me? And I'm glad, proud of it! I glory in it. For I know your love for me, Annette."

"You should know it, my dear," she said simply. "There's nothing between us."

"One thing—the shadow of the Corsican." His face clouded slightly. "Will you never forget your hatred of Bonaparte, my dear? Can you never forgive—"

"Forgive the murder of my brother?" Never, she said, a sudden touch of light in her eyes, a deepening in her voice. She kissed him suddenly and rose. "At least, I'll forgive him everything, the moment you agree that he's an unprincipled scoundrel!"

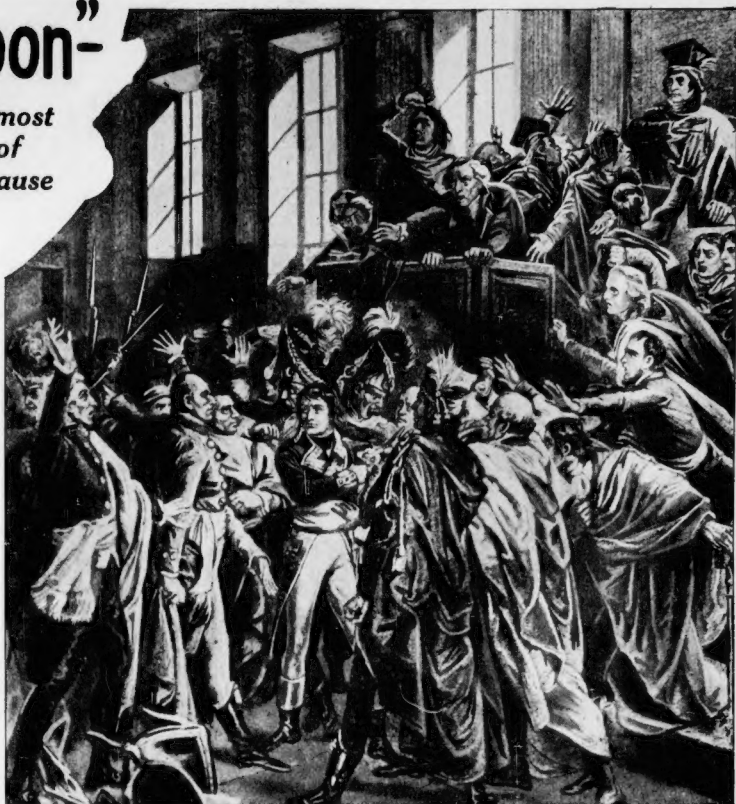
"He's the greatest man in France, and destined to be greater," said Vidal, looking up at her. She shrugged and turned. "You're not going out?" he asked.

"Who'd do our marketing if I didn't?" she said, laughing. With a bright nod of farewell, she picked up an enormous market-basket, buttoned her pelisse, and was gone.

Vidal moodily fell to work polishing his pistols and reloading the long rifle.

In the thronged market-place, Annette made a few hasty purchases, then tripped lightly away through the narrow, twisting streets, between the houses of dark gray granite. Glances of the sluggish Vilaine, glimpses of the lower town; officers, emptying their pockets, creeping to the very edge of the lower town; officers, emptying their pockets, creeping to the very edge of the lower town; officers, emptying their pockets, creeping to the very edge of the lower town.

Before the cathedral stood a closed carriage, the soldier-driver stamping up and down to keep warm. At sight of Annette, he climbed



Napoleon Dissolving the Council of 500. It Was This Act and His Appointment as "First Consul" Which Caused Those Who Had Fought Hard for the Overthrow of Monarchy and the Establishment of the French Republic to Plot Against the Corsican's Dictatorship.

back to his seat. She came to the carriage, the door was opened, and she hastily pushed in her basket and followed. A man, muffled in robes, welcomed her to the seat beside him, a bluff little man, red-faced in a major's uniform. The carriage started off almost instantly.

"Well, Major Fourcart?" inquired Annette sagely. "The proclamation?"

"I have them here," Fourcart touched a package at his feet. "I just got them from the powder. The others have gone to Paris in the carriage of young Marbot, aide to the general."

"You seem nervous," she commented, and leaned forward. Emptying her basket, she put the package in the bottom, and her purchases on top. "There! Why couldn't

take them to Colonel Pinoteau yourself, I don't quite see."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the other. "When you know that Bonaparte's spies are everywhere, when you know that today comes the great explosion, you can say that? They must be delivered to Pinoteau at his lodgings at a quarter to twelve precisely."

"Never fear. I'll have them there," she said coolly, and leaned back. Where to?

"General Simon is meeting us at a farmhouse outside town. It's safe, never fear. He wants our reports at once—chiefly yours."

She laughed a little. "Apparently I'm the only person around here who's not acting like a flustered chicken. Simon's a pompous, empty-headed ass, and a fine soldier for that very reason; he lacks the brains to be afraid."

Luckily, I've seen over the man on telegraph duty at the main station. If any word comes from Paris, we'll have it."

Major Fourcart peered at her. "Now you're the one to laugh at, my dear! In three hours, precisely at noon, the army will be marching on Paris—and you're nervous about the telegraph bringing word in that time?"

"Not nervous—merely cautious," she said. "I've been working among you adulated soldiers for three months."

You all curse the Corsican, abominate the change of government that made him Consul, and shout for the republic. Well, I've shown you how to get the republic back; I've cured this business like a baby, and now it's come to full growth. I don't want to see it all ruined within the next hour or two—as it might be."

Fourcart grimaced uncomfortably. That voice of hers had become metallic, harsh, authoritative, the voice of a tense sense of passion and hatred that made him shiver.

"Thank heaven," she went on, "a real man will actually start the revolution! Pinoteau's the best of the lot. Even if the skies fall, he'll not fail Bernadotte, the wily Gorgon, in off in Paris streets, striding two horses, if the revolt succeeds, he acts and seizes."

Bonaparte and proclaims the republic. If it fails, he has an alibi and claims innocence. Simon, the chief-of-staff, at least has the courage to push the thing through."

"Everything," said Major Fourcart, "depends on the ammunition."

She nodded, and held her peace. She knew this as well as he did, or better.

The army had no ammunition; this was all in Rennes itself. And in charge of the city was General Virion, with a few companies of military police—Virion, devoted to the Corsican, a hard, massive soldier. The signal system of semaphore which covered France with a network of stations could bring a message from Paris within an hour. With this telegraph, as it was called, in the hands of Virion, Annette Gault dared take no chances on something turning up at the last moment to spoil the conspiracy she had worked so hard to perfect.

"What would your lover, that rabid Bonapartist, say if he knew your activity?" asked Major Fourcart slyly.

Annette gave him one quick glance. "He'd probably kill me," she replied, and shrugged. "He'll not know. If more of your headquarters staff had his ability and brains, Bonaparte would be dead now."

Fourcart grimaced again and said no more. Outside the city, the carriage drew in to a small farm near the river. A clump of horses near the door, an aide on guard, inside, two more trusted aides and General Simon himself, stiff, prim, pompous, obviously eaten by anxiety. The general bent gallantly above her fingers and placed her in a chair, took another military, motioned to Fourcart to take a third.

"The house is empty, we may talk," he said. "This is our last chance to arrange all details. Your report, Citoyenne Gault!"

Annette was brisk, at ease, fluent. Her poised, silvery voice was like a solvent that banished worry and tension. As by magic, the uneasy atmosphere of the room cleared.

"Nearly one hundred officers are actively aware of our plans; not one has breathed a word, no suspicion has been aroused," she said. "The sentiment of the men is overwhelmingly for Bernadotte, as against the Corsican. The moment those proclamations, signed by Bernadotte, are handed out and read, the moment the word is given to act, there'll be no hesitation on their part. The 76th is definitely loyal to Bonaparte, Colonel Godard and nearly all his officers are partisans of the Corsican. This is the only regiment we have to fear. General Virion, the prefect of the city, and his officers and men are practically all for Bonaparte."

"One regiment and a few companies of military police against an army?" said the general, and puffed out his mustache. "Poof!"

"Wait," she interrupted. "Remember, Virion holds all the ammunition. Without powder, without cartridges, the army is helpless. Also, he holds the telegraph that communicates with Paris. How far has my recommended plan been followed, Citoyen General?"

"Implicity." Officers are detailed to seize the Lahat Tower and other points in all haste, to seize the telegraph, to seize the ammunition and supplies. General Simon becomes oratorical. "The army cannot allow Bonaparte to



The Historic Portrait, by David, Now in the Musée de Versailles, France, of Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul of France.



The New
LINIT BEAUTY MASK
 reveals a complexion
 men admire and
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1st STEP
 Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
 Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
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"I tried the Mask and found it to be delightful, leaving my skin velvety and smooth, also a great help in reducing large pores."

"I am most grateful to you for finding such a discovery. My skin is very dry and I cannot use soap of any kind upon my face. The mask, for dry or hyper-sensitive skin, really worked wonders, as it left my skin so alive and with such a healthy appearance. It also adds to a base for a powder foundation."

"I have large pores and found that the Mask reduced them considerably. It leaves the skin tingling. I also find it very useful for bleaching after exposure to sun and wind."

Quickly, easily applied...Pleasant and Soothing, it helps make the skin Firm, Clear, and Fresh

Smart modern women know the **Try it!** three tablespoons of Linit (the value of a beautiful skin. They keep their complexions looking youthful and vibrant with the help of the Linit Beauty Mask.

If you, too, desire a glamorous, alluring complexion, perhaps the Linit Beauty Mask may help you attain it. Linit Beauty Mask is a gentle, quick-acting facial treatment that helps to stimulate and clarify the skin—reduce oiliness and eliminate "shine."

Here's how quickly the Linit Beauty Mask is prepared. *Simply mix

same Linit that is so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

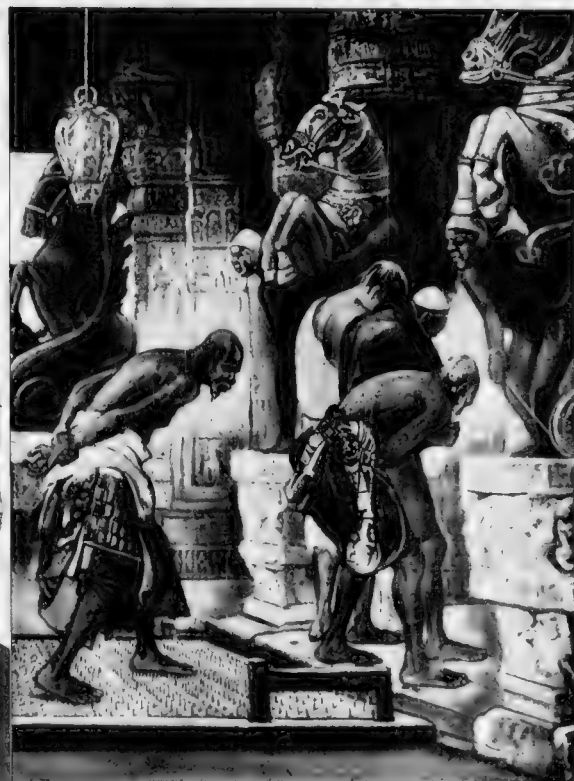
You will enjoy an unusual smoothness after the Linit Beauty Mask treatment. It leaves a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base and heightens the allure of make-up.

YOUR GROCER SELLS LINIT

Brazil's Strange Horse-God Ends Its Worship by Dying

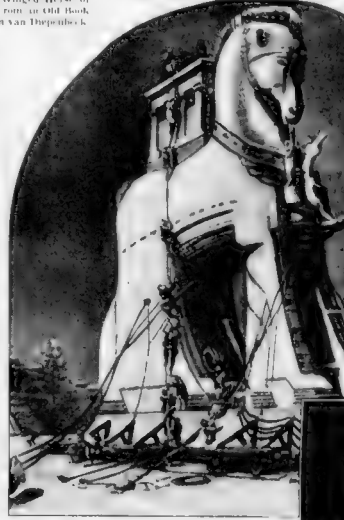
Weird Cult Built Up From Ancient Superstitions

***Revealed by
the Capture of
Its Four-Legged
"Deity"
and the Killing
of Some
Hundreds of
His Fanatical
Followers***



Prisoners Entering a Temple of Vishnu in India. Dedicated to That God's 10th Avatar or Incarnation, and a White Horse. Statues of Which Are Shown at the Fortified Sacrificial Altar. They Were First Forced to Walk Over Spikes.

Know the Paintings by G. Tappan



The Wooden Horse of Troy Which Ulysses Devised According to the Greek Poet Homer as a Stratagem to Open the Gates of the Besieged City and Which Was Taken Through a Breach in the Wall, Because the Horse Was Sacred to the Trojans



The Crazy Roman Emperor Caligula Mounted on "Incitatus," His Favorite Horse, Which He Planned to Make a Roman Consul, a Curious Ambition Checked by His Assassination

The *Five Horsemans* of the *SEINEUS* was at least once a year a special day between them. All Englishmen and young. The heart of the Five Horse symbolized the presence of the king and was preserved accordingly. The white horse is the badge of many British regiments today and is also found in many coats of arms and crests of nobility.

The men sawing the walls of the wooden horse and believing that by getting it within their wall they would insure the safety of the city dragged it through the gates breaking down part of the walls to get it in.

The emergence of the armistice which was joined by their exiled compatriots resulted in the fall of the city and the end of the war.

In India the horse was held in much

The natives considered the death an evil omen and to propitiate their gods built a stone image of the horse and placed it in one of their temples.



"The Oaks." Historic Duelling Ground of Old New Orleans—a Lonely Spot, Shielded by Thick Curtains of Spanish Moss and Part of the Plantation of an Eccentric Miser, Who Watched the Duels with Field Glasses from His House.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE.
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER X.

THE PEOPLE in this country gave up fighting duels a good while ago, but before the Civil War there used to be a lot of duels and I reckon there was more in old New Orleans than anywhere else. That was mostly because so many of the people who were there were French or Spanish or Creole and all of them still had the old idea brought over from Europe that the only way to settle a dispute or get even with somebody that had done something they thought was insulting or maybe just laughed at them or said something that didn't suit them, was to fight a duel.

Speaking of Creoles I might as well explain before I go any further just what they mean in Louisiana when they call somebody a Creole. Some folks who don't know anything about that part of the country have the idea that a Creole is part Negro, but that is all wrong. A Creole is part French and part Spanish, a descendant of the early settlers, and the ones I used to know were proud as all get-out. They figured they were right up at the top when it came to being gentlemen and they didn't let anybody forget it.

The last gentleman I thought a heap of their "manner." They were always talking about it, like it was something so "pansy" it had to be defended all the time, and they fought over pretty nearly anything. But not with their fists. A gentleman wouldn't think of doing anything so "common" as hitting another gentleman, not to slap his face so he could meet his back with a challenge to a duel.

I remember to come about the famous fight between two young fellows named Augustine and Grailhe. There were several different stories, but one was that the whole thing started over a lady's handkerchief. She dropped it on a ballroom floor and both men made a dive to pick it up. Grailhe was the closest to her, figured he was the one who should have the "beast." But Augustine was the quickest, and beat him to it. Then Augustine made the mistake of grinning, like he'd done something that pleased her, was the best man.

Grailhe didn't say anything. He just bowed, stiff as a rod, and stalked out of the ballroom. But a little later one of his friends came up to Augustine and told Mr. Grailhe challenged him to a "meeting" at daylight at the Oaks, the one who should have the "beast."

The Oaks was a place that was part of an old plantation on the outskirts of the town, and that was about as good as the duels were fought. Hardly a day went by without at least one, and sometimes three or four going on at the same time. Well, some of the ladies heard that Augustine and Grailhe were going to fight, including the lady who dropped the handkerchief, so nothing would do but they must all go along and see it. The way I heard it, they all rode out in the same carriage, including the two duellists, who talked to each other all the way out just as if nothing was going to happen. Later on, one of the ladies said she never had seen two gentlemen in such good humor.

The ladies sat in the carriage during the fight, and when Augustine stuck his sword clean through Grailhe's chest, the lady whose handkerchief had started the trouble jumped out and ran over to where the wounded man was lying on the ground. She kept crying and begging him not to die, while she tried to stop the bleeding with that very same handkerchief. But the sword had ripped through one of his lungs, and it sure looked like he was done for.

Grailhe was laid up in bed for quite a while, and when he came out at last he was bent over like a thin, old man, and nobody figured he would hold out much longer. An abscess had set in, way down in his lung, so deep the doctors couldn't get at it, and it wouldn't heal.

But he kept hanging around, and one day he got into a dispute with a colonel, and the first thing anybody knew Grailhe was dead set on fighting another duel, weak as he was. Of course, in his shape he couldn't handle a sword, so they fixed it up to have it out with pistols, each one to have two shots.

I reckon Grailhe's hand must have trembled, because he missed his aim. But the colonel's first bullet tore right into that poor young fellow's



Portrait of the Baroness de Pontalba, Wealthy Creole Beauty, Who Was Found Shot One Morning, the Body of Her Father-in-Law Nearby. The Baroness Recovered but the Mystery Was Never Solved.

chest, close to his left shoulder. Grailhe toppled over and then raised himself up on his elbow. "Go on," he gasped, "shoot again. You've got another shot."

"What do you take me for?" replied the colonel, as he raised his pistol above his head and fired it off into the air. "I don't shoot a man when he's down."

It looked like Grailhe didn't have a chance to pull through, but he did, and the strange part about it was that the thing that saved him was that pistol bullet. It broke open the abscess, letting the pus drain out, and in a few months he was as strong and as healthy as he ever was.

All the gay young fellows in old New Orleans used to spend a lot of time at their fencing schools or clubs, learning how to flick a sword through each other from fencing masters, or "professors," who mostly came over from France or Italy. I remember hearing about a duel that was fought not long before the Civil War by two hot-headed young blades named Gaston de Coppens and Emile Bozonlor, who belonged to the same club and were right good friends till they had a silly falling out over an opera singer, a woman who really didn't mean a thing to either one of them.

This singer had been given a part in one of the opera shows, and some folks thought it should have been given to another singer. There was a lot of talk about that, and after awhile Emile and some of the others passed out the word that they were going to hiss her when she came out on the stage.

The day the show was to come off, Emile and several of his friends were hanging around the club, talking about it, and pretty soon somebody called out to Gaston and asked him what he aimed to do—was he going to clap his hands for the singer or hiss her?

Gaston was pretty busy at the moment fencing with the professor, so he just shouted back, without giving it much thought, one way or the other:

"No, but I'll tell you what I think about it. Anybody who would go to the theatre just to hiss a woman ought to have his face slapped."

"Is that so?" said Emile, walking right up to Gaston. "Well, maybe you don't know that I've already let it out that I'm going to help hiss that woman off the stage. Will you slap my face?"

"Yes," replied Gaston, "I'll be right glad to accommodate you, and what's more, I'm going to keep my eye on you just to see if you do hiss her."

That night at the opera house, Emile and Gaston were sitting in different boxes, but they kept watching each other, and sure enough, just as soon as the singer came out on the stage, Emile and some of the others started hissing so loud they

"OLD MAN RIVER" By Captain Louis Rosche

Chapters From the Vanished Pageant of the Tributaries---Romantic, Tragic and Adventurous Heroes, Bad Men and Bad Women Who Traveled the Water-Road---Told by the Last of Its Old-Time Navigators



The Interior of a Voodoo Coting Spells and Incantations on "Old Man River" Creole Superstitions



The Murder of the Reverend Mr. Horton in Morhane's Institute During the Riot of 1866. About 200 Men Were Killed in the Fight Between the "Carpetbaggers" and the Southerners, Who Finally Drove the Troublemakers from the State.

sounded like a broken steam pipe. The next day when the two men met on the street, Gaston stepped right up and slapped Emile's hard head most knocked him down. So off they went to the Oaks.

They fought with sabers, and after a few passes Emile slashed Gaston across the cheek, laying it wide open and knocking him clean off his feet. Emile could have killed him easy enough while he was down, with one quick jab, but he didn't do it. Instead, he backed up, to give Gaston another chance, and in a flash Gaston jumped to his feet and tore right into him. Before Emile knew what was happening, Gaston hacked into his right arm, cutting through the muscle, and in less than a minute Emile was down on the ground himself bleeding like a stuck pig. I reckon they would have kept right on like that till one of them was killed if the "seconds" hadn't stepped in and stopped them, figuring that was enough blood-letting to satisfy anybody's honor.

Another time two majors named Henry and Howell, who were good friends, ran across each other in a saloon and commenced getting drunk together. After awhile two bootblacks came in and got into a fight. The majors made a bet on which one was going to win, and the one Major Henry backed got whipped.

"Well," he said, as he handed across the money, "it would have been different if I were fighting you, Major Howell."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said Major Howell, as he whipped out his pistol. "Well, we'll just see about that."

"No, no," said Major Henry. "Not here. I haven't had my dinner yet. I'll meet you at the Oaks about sundown."

Both of them kept on drinking all afternoon and by the time they got to the dueling ground

neither one could remember what the quarrel was about. So their seconds said it was kind of silly to fight when they couldn't recall what they were fighting about, and tried to get them to patch it up.

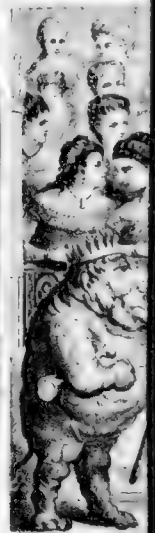
"Well," said Major Henry, "I'm willing to apologize if Joe Howell is."

"Apologize for what?" snorted Major Howell. "I really don't know," replied Major Henry, "and I don't give a damn."

"All right. Then let's quit jabbering like a couple of old women and get it over to business." So they did. They squared off and blazed away at each other, both missing the first time. But Major Howell sent his second bullet into Major Henry's stomach and was walking over to let him have another one when one of the seconds jumped in and knocked up his arm, making him fire in the air.

That started an argument among the seconds, some claiming Major Howell had a right to a third shot, and some saying he didn't. Right away the seconds pulled out their own guns and were just about to let each other have it when the crowd that had come out to see the fight moved in and pulled them apart. Then everybody went back to the saloon and got howling drunk—that is, everybody except Major Henry. They had to put him to bed and keep him there till the hole in his stomach healed up, but that didn't take long because he was as solid as a pine knot.

It wasn't safe in old New Orleans for anybody to talk carelessly about anything, "less he was ready to back up his judgment with a pistol or a sword. About the time I started steamboating all the river men up and down the Mississippi were laughing over a rumper which a man named Tomasi got into, all because he couldn't keep from laying it on thick when he got to talking.



THE "OLD MAN RIVER" COLLECTION

pt. Louis Rosche

he Mississippi and Its
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aveled the Historic
d-Time Captains



to Witch Cult "Chapel," Showing the Local "Queen" Making Curses Over a Boiling Cauldron of Herbs. "River" Was a Weird Mixture of African Witchcraft, Heredity and Depraved Devil Worship.



"Beauty and the Beast," a Scene from the "Mask of Comus" During the Famous Mardi Gras Celebrations in New Orleans.

Tomas had just come over from Europe where he had become a lot of different colleges. He knew things all right, but what he didn't know was that you can't belittle the Mississippi River down in New Orleans and get away with it. He was one of these tall-talkers who always claims right out on a limb every time he gets into an argument.

He was sitting around one of a bunch of rooms and he started talking about how there would be a lot of things in the Mississippi going on a lot of every time the high water came down. He said they ought to get some smart engineers like they had in Europe and rather move the river wide enough to take care of the floods or build the levees high enough to keep the Mississippi in its channel. Right away, a young Creole spoke up and said as politely as you please:

"Mr. Tomas, they may be able to do that with the little rivers they have in Europe, but nobody could do that with the Mississippi. It is the Father of Waters, and a headstrong river."

You don't know what you're talking about," replied Tomas. "Why, they've got rivers in Europe that would make the Mississippi look like a creek."

You can't mean the Mississippi like that," said the high-tempered young Creole, who jumped up and threw his drama in Tomas's face.

When they met at the Oaks, they kept slapping away at each other with sabers until the Creole fell in a good clean swoon that cut right across Tomas's face, and that ended it. A few days later Tomas showed up on the street with his face all bandaged up, and when somebody asked him how the duel came out he pulled back the bandages.

"It was nothing," he said, "just a scratch."

But it sure was a mean-looking "scratch," and a deep one, stretching down from one cheek right across the mouth that had belittled the Mississippi.

"I would have killed him," Tomas said, "if it hadn't been for your worthless American steel. Why, my sword doubled up just like it was lead."

Then he started telling how they made steel in Europe, but nobody paid much attention to him because they didn't go in for making steel down in old New Orleans. If they had, I reckon Mr. Tomas would have had himself another duel on his hands before he knew it.

Of course, all the professors who taught fence-



"When Augustine Stuck His Sword Through Creole's Chest, the Lady Whose Handkerchief Had Started the Trouble Jumped From Her Carriage and Ran Over to Where the Wounded Man Was Lying on the Ground. She Kept Crying and Begging Him Not to Die, While She Tried to Stop the Bleeding With That Very Same Handkerchief. But the Sword Had Ripped Through One of His Lungs, and it Sure Looked Like He Was Done For."

ing had to fight duels every chance they got just to know how good they were, and I remember hearing about one named Rosiere who used to brag about fighting seven duels in one week and winning six of them. One night Rosiere was at the opera when the play was so worked up he started hallooing like a fiend. That made a Creole burst out laughing, and Rosiere quit sniffling right away, turned around and said:

"I may cry, but I can also fight."

So they had it out at daylight, but neither one was hurt to speak of.

But one of the worst fights I ever heard of was between an Italian fencing professor named Poulaga and a cavalry captain named Thumecourt. One day Poulaga was showing off in his fencing hall, challenging all comers to tie into him with a broadsword. He got the best of everybody till the captain stepped up and said he reckoned he would try his hand at it.

They weren't aiming to draw blood, but were just fencing, and in a few minutes everybody agreed that the captain was the winner. That got under the professor's skin, and he said:

"You're pretty good for a beginner. In a few lessons I could make a fighter out of you."

"So you think I'm a beginner?" the captain replied. "All right, suppose you give me another lesson right now at the Oaks."

They agreed to fight to a finish, close enough for each to see the other's sword. The captain hacked Poulaga to pieces, and the professor died right there on the dueling ground.

Sometimes they fought duels on horseback, with cavalry swords. They would strip down to the waist, gallop up to each other, hack away, wheel around and then come charging back again, keeping it up until one or the other was badly wounded or killed outright. It was kind of hard on the horses, too, and every once in a while one of them would get killed by having its jugular vein accidentally slashed.

As long as Louisiana belonged to France, they always fought their duels with some kind of swords, but after it became a part of this country a lot of Americans who didn't know much about fighting with swords went there from other States. Most of the Americans wouldn't take a chance with a sword if they could help it, but would rather use pistols, shotguns or rifles. The old "dueling code," as they called it, gave the fellow who was challenged the right to pick the weapons, and

sometimes an American who didn't care much about dueling anyway would pick something out-landish. I heard of one duel that was fought with two-by-four scantlings, the fighters being on other sides.

One time a young Creole and a Frenchman, both members of the Legislature, got into a dispute over something right away, the Creole challenged the other to a duel. The blacksmith said he didn't want to fight and said he didn't have to because he wasn't a gentleman. But the Creole said any man who was a member of the Legislature was enough of a gentleman to fight a duel.

"All right," said the blacksmith, "if you feel that way about it, I'll fight you—but you'll wish I hadn't."

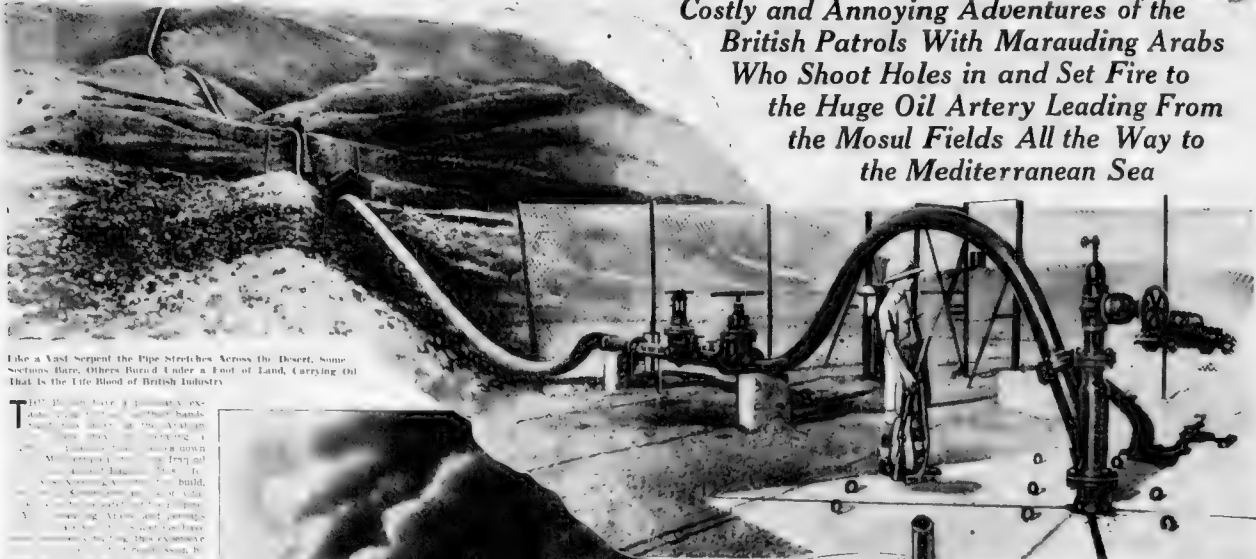
The blacksmith stood about six feet and a half in his stocking feet, and the Creole was a short fellow, not much over five feet tall. So the blacksmith said they would fight that duel out in the lake, standing in about five feet of water, and they would fight it with sledge hammers.

When the Creole heard that he broke out

(Continued on Page 15)

Perils of a Pipe-Line 1200 Miles Long

Costly and Annoying Adventures of the British Patrols With Marauding Arabs Who Shoot Holes in and Set Fire to the Huge Oil Artery Leading From the Mosul Fields All the Way to the Mediterranean Sea



Like a Vast Serpent the Pipe Stretches Across the Desert. Some Sections Bore Others Bored a Hole of Land, Carrying the Blood of the Life Blood of British Industry

THEY have been a long time in the making, but the British oil pipeline, which carries the life blood of British industry, is now being built. It is a vast, winding artery, stretching for 1200 miles from the Mosul fields in the north to the Mediterranean Sea in the south. The pipeline is a marvel of engineering, and its construction has been a costly and annoying adventure for the British patrols. The patrols have been fighting a constant battle with marauding Arabs, who shoot holes in and set fire to the huge oil artery. The pipeline is a vital link between the oil fields and the sea, and its safety is of the utmost importance to the British Empire.

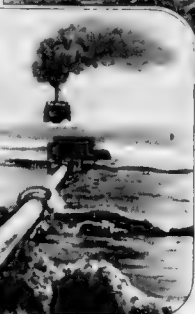
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On Guard, A Valve Guarded on One of the Transpennine Piped Cars Which Cooperate With Station Tanks and an Air Force to Protect the Oil Line



The End of the Line at Haifa, Where a British Tanker Wants to Take on a Cargo That Has Traveled 1200 Miles.

Sabotage. Remarkable Photograph Showing Flares Bursting from a Leak in the Line Caused by an Arab Bulb and Then Ignited Off With a Torch

THEY were a strange sight, the flares, as they burst from the leak in the line. The flares were a warning of a leak, and they were a warning of a leak. The flares were a warning of a leak, and they were a warning of a leak. The flares were a warning of a leak, and they were a warning of a leak.

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Memo for Lenten Meals!

10 FAMOUS HEINZ SOUPS WITHOUT MEAT STOCK

- Cream of Mushroom
- Cream of Spinach
- Cream of Tomato
- Cream of Oyster
- Cream of Asparagus
- Cream of Celery
- Cream of Green Pea
- Vegetarian Vegetable
- Genuine Turtle Soup
- Corn Chowder

N.B.—13 other delicious soups are made with Meat Stock.



HEINZ GIVES YOU A WIDE VARIETY OF LENTEN SOUPS!

• Heinz gives you a wide variety of lenten soups to suit your taste. You can select from 13 different varieties of soups without meat stock. And now a Vegetarian Soup, which is a delicious variety of lenten soups, is added to the list. It is a delicious soup, and it is a good one for Lenten meals.

Heinz HOME STYLE SOUPS



DRENCHED IN TOMATO SAUCE WITHOUT PORK!

• You can get a hearty meal without your meat. Heinz gives you a wide variety of soups to suit your taste. You can select from 13 different varieties of soups without meat stock. And now a Vegetarian Soup, which is a delicious variety of lenten soups, is added to the list. It is a delicious soup, and it is a good one for Lenten meals.



Heinz OVEN-BAKED BEANS

MAKE YOUR MEATLESS MEAL AROUND MACARONI!



• Macaroni is a good food, and it is a good one for Lenten meals. Heinz gives you a wide variety of soups to suit your taste. You can select from 13 different varieties of soups without meat stock. And now a Vegetarian Soup, which is a delicious variety of lenten soups, is added to the list. It is a delicious soup, and it is a good one for Lenten meals.



Heinz COOKED MACARONI



Help yourself to an afternoon of each week. Serve that champion of delicious quick meals—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. Earn extra leisure and your family's grateful approval as well.

Hearty One-Dish Meal

There is a good reason for the popularity of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. It is a hearty meal, and it is a good one for Lenten meals. Heinz gives you a wide variety of soups to suit your taste. You can select from 13 different varieties of soups without meat stock. And now a Vegetarian Soup, which is a delicious variety of lenten soups, is added to the list. It is a delicious soup, and it is a good one for Lenten meals.

oriental spices. Results: Just about "tops" in a one-dish dinner!

Good, too, is this hearty, nourishing food. It combines splendidly with bits of leftover meats, hamburger, sliced frankfurters or mushrooms to make a star dinner for guest meals.

Simply Heat and Eat

Remember, Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is all ready to heat and enjoy. You'll find it wise to keep a tin or two always on hand—for emergencies and for well-battered meals. Ask for this family favorite at your grocery—in generous quantities, moderately priced.

Heinz COOKED SPAGHETTI

BABY TALK THAT MAKES SENSE!

Heinz STRAINED FOODS



Dramatized from Old Records By H. Bedford-Jones

(Continued from Page 9)

I've attended to that," he understands perfectly," said the general complacently. He is the pivot of everything. He has distributed the proclamations, given the signal. The others wheel into line behind him, and crush into opposition with the bayonet until powder is served out. His regiment the 82nd is loyal to a man. The republic is their one and only god. At the signal from Pinoteau, my staff takes action instantly leading the regiments. I myself place General Virion under ar-

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By 8 to the market place, I was a few minutes or less, and she started home I was the first among the crowd of the passengers. Here I found a very small group of the students of the school, who were

"I'll remember it," Pinoteau passed a hand over his cheek, laughed, and with a salute was gone.

in shadow of authority. Who
is it that Vernon was there
participating in that trust? The
shadows of the conspiracy
were strangely friendly. Why
had Governor Simon been ap-
pointed to the position?

What -ha, I see you. This one
hang?

came king of Sweden
and Norway

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[illegible]

© 1938, by Arno

Old Gold

The Inner Jacket
Opens At
the Top, Sealing
the Bottom

well enough you. I like nothing better than to foment trouble for Bonaparte. It'll keep you in a row now that he's First Consul, unless you forget this insane hatred of the greatest man in all France.

(Continued on Page 17)

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Old Gold

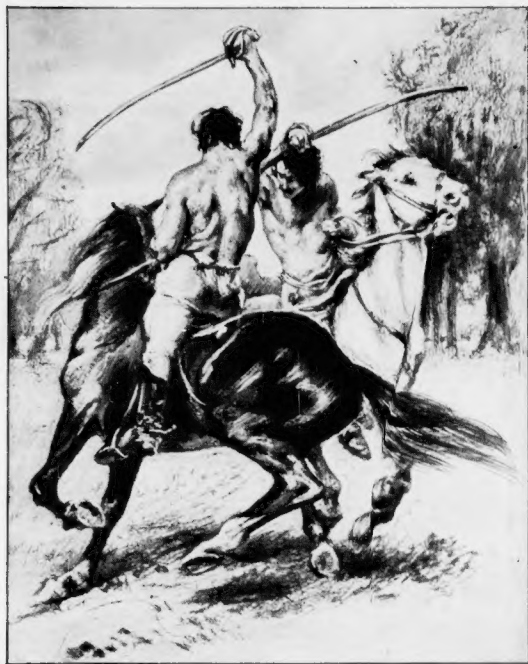
The Inner Pocket
Opens At
the Top, Sealing
the Bottom

Great Britain Rights Reserved

even enough you'd like nothing better than to foment trouble for Bonaparte. It'll find you in a moment now that he's First Consul, unless you forget this insane hatred of the greatest man in all France.

(Continued on Page 17)

LAST OF OLD TIME RIVER CAPTAINS



A Duel on Horseback Between a Gentle and a Retired French Cavalier Officer, M. Pedeslaur, Steel Sabers Were Used and M. Pedeslaur Was Killed When the Gentle Sang His Horse in a Rapid Half-Circle, Plunging His Sword into the Frenchman's Side.

(Continued from Page 18)

was the altar." On top of the altar was another box, with a glass window in it, and through the window you could see a live snake, writhing around. All around the matting there were lighted candles, stuck in whiskey bottles, and in front of the altar there was a big brazier bowl full of chunks of tallow, horsehair, all kinds of herbs, pieces of broken glass and dried lizards and toads.

The queen stepped out in the candlelight, and about all she had on were some red handkerchiefs tied to a rawhide thong around her waist. At first, she just stood there, with her feet together, doing a dance without moving away from one spot, and chanting a rigmale. Some half-raked black man, squatting by the altar, kept time with her on drums, and every once in a while everybody in the circle would throw back their heads and let out a blood-curdling wail, like a lot of wolves.

After awhile, different ones called out, asking her to fix up some favor for them, like making some relative get well or somebody full in love with them, and each time she would stick her hands down in the batter bowl, up to the wrists, and churn them around until the glass cut her and brought blood. Then she would screech like a wildcat and whirl around (til she was so dizzy she was about to topple over). All at once she would stop still as a pine stump and then sneak up to the altar, wiggling herself and shaking all over. Quick as a flash, she would snatch up the lid of the box and flip a few drops of blood on the snake. Then she would start her dance all over again, getting wilder and wilder, while everybody sitting on the ground would wave back and forth and bend over, moaning louder and louder.

She kept that up till she had just about worn herself out, and at last she let herself go. She threw up her arms and jumped clean up in the air, screaming at the top of her voice—and then she came down flat on her face, and lay there, writhing around and sobbing. Everybody else did the same thing, and then they crawled over her, one at a time, writhing along like they were trying to make out they were snakes. After that, they jumped up and tore off what little clothes they had on and then they paired off and ran away into the bushes, and for a long time you could hear them yelling and laughing and carrying on, right on till daylight.

A little while ago I was telling about how Mrs. Lalaurie treated her slaves, but I remember hearing about another case down in New Orleans where it was just the other way. One

time the neighbors of Mrs. Rabbanek began to think it was a funny thing that they hadn't seen anything of her in quite a while. Some of them went up to her house to ask about her and a big black slave named Pauline said she didn't know what had become of her. That didn't sound right to the neighbors so they called the police, and when they searched the place they found Mrs. Rabbanek and her three children locked up in a dark kitchen closet that didn't have any windows. They were pretty nearly suffocated and black and blue all over, where Pauline had beaten them with a broomstick, and their hair was all matted with dried blood.

It seems that Mrs. Rabbanek's husband had gone to St. Louis on business and no sooner was he out of the house than Pauline started running things to suit herself. Well, they didn't put up with things like that down in old New Orleans, so they gave Pauline a trial under what they called the "Black Code," which were the laws for regulating slaves, and then they hanged her, with about 5,000 people gathering around to see it.

Another time there was a dentist named Dr. Deschamps who got himself all worked up when somebody down the lake shore dug up some old coins in the mud. Right away, he figured there was pirate treasure buried around there somewhere and he aimed to find it. He knew a little something about hypnotizing people, and he thought the way to locate the treasure was to put some young girl in a trance and then she would lead him to it. So he paid a fellow to let him try hypnotizing his pretty young daughter.

When it didn't work out the way he thought it would, he tried using chloroform on her, putting her in a real deep sleep, and from what I heard I reckon after she was chloroformed he got interested in something else besides the pirate gold. Anyway, she never came to, dying right in his office, so they convicted him of murder and hanged him.

The last public hanging they had in New Orleans was about the worst one I ever heard of. That was when they hanged a couple of painters named Bellie and Adam. These fellows had been painting a house for a storekeeper and while they were doing it they found out where he kept his money. One afternoon they came back while the storekeeper's wife was away and were just about to make off with the money when a young slave girl walked in and saw what they were up to. Before she could scream, they caught hold of her and slashed her throat.

The police were pretty sure the painters did it but they couldn't prove it. Still they

sicked them up in a cell and then pulled an old trick on them. They put a sailor in there with them and he let on like he was a drunk he couldn't even sit up. He just lay there all night and soiled, but he heard everything those fellows whispered to each other. The next morning when the police told them about that they broke down right away and confessed.

The hanging was at noon. It was in the summertime and hot a blue blaze, with black thunder clouds rolling in from the Gulf. But a big crowd turned

out and everybody stood around with sweat just rolling off of them. The murderers had on white cotton pants, white shirts and white silk bags pulled down over their heads to their shoulders.

While the hangman was putting the nooses around their necks the bells in the cathedral started booming out twelve o'clock, and were just finishing up the last stroke when the two bodies dropped through the trap and pulled up short at the ends of the ropes, dangling there and slowly twisting around, with the feet kicking.

All at once there was a flash of lightning that seemed to tear the sky wide open and a clap of thunder that pretty nearly split everybody's eardrums. Then the rain poured down in a regular cloudburst. I reckon the hangman must have been in such a hurry to get it over he didn't fix the nooses right. Anyway, the next thing anybody knew, the knots gave way and down those fellows dropped to the ground.

The crowd went wild and started shouting, "Let 'em go, let 'em go!" and the police had to fight to hold back the mob. I reckon some people thought that thunder and lightning was a sign that the painters shouldn't be hanged and others figured it just wasn't right to hang anybody a second time.

Adam was knocked clean out by the fall, but Bellie just had one arm broken and while the police were fighting back the crowd he tried to crawl away through the mud on his knees and one hand, like a three-legged dog. He didn't get very far, though, before a deputy caught him.

The rain kept on pouring down and the crowd kept on shoving around and shouting, but the sheriff went right ahead and hanged them a second time. They had to be held up while the nooses were fixed around their necks and when they dropped through the trap the knots slipped around to the back of their heads. So their necks weren't broken, as they should have been, and they dangled there in the rain for quite a while, jerking and kicking, till they strangled to death.

Both of them struggled so hard they broke blood vessels in their throats, and the blood came through the white silk hoods, turning them pink all over. It was such a terrible sight it made a lot of people sick and at the last session of the legislature they passed a law putting a stop to public hangings.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

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15¢



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MY SMILE!"



Head that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—help yourself to a gayer, brighter smile. Give your gums, as well as your teeth, the special care they need.

YOU'D BE A lovelier girl—a happier one—if your teeth had the sparkle they should have—if your smile could regain its natural radiance. So why not decide today to do something about it? Why not remember that your gums as well as your teeth need special care.

If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. You may not be facing dental disaster, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Gums robbed of work by soft, creamy foods"—"gums that need exercise"—gums that will benefit by the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

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Help your smile to new beauty—
start with Ipana and massage today!



CHANGE TO

Ipana

AND MASSAGE

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>
Tomato Juice.	Orange
Cereal.	Cereal
Raw Potato	Pancakes
French.	Marmalade
Rice.	Coffee
Coffee, salt-lute	<i>Lunch</i>
<i>Luncheon</i>	Tomatoes
Italian Style Rice.	Melba
Mixed Green Salad.	Chopped Corn
Cranberry	or Eggs
Biscuits	Cass.
Fruit Cup	Baked
Cookies.	Green
Tea.	Ice-Bottom
<i>Dinner</i>	<i>Dinner</i>
Mixed Potage	Tang
Chicken	Paprika
Baked Veal Cutlets.	Beef
Buttered Noodles.	Cold
Corn Custard.	Glaze
Fruit Salad.	Col.
Cherry.	Pine
Butterscotch	Pastry
Surprise.	

FRIDAY	Breakfast	
Open.	Fruit or	Gr
Tea.	Fruit Juice.	
Salade.	Broiled	Com
	Smoked Salmon.	
heon	Creamed Potatoes.	S
Soup.	Reheated	M
Toast.	Ice-Box Rolls.	
Stout/ale	Coffee.	(C
	Luncheon	
	Livercutt with	
	Vegetable Salad.	Oven
	Hot Rice Rolls.	Soup
	Banana Whip.	
	Lemon Cup Cakes.	
	Tea.	
	Dinner	
	Chilled Grapes.	
	Baked Fish.	Pla
inner	Lemon Butter Cups.	
Stew.	Steamed Potatoes.	R
erry.	Burnt Spanish.	Re
	Green Salad with	
	French Dressing.	G
apple	Fruit Tartlets.	
light.		

SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	Breakfast
rent Applesauce,	Grapefruit,
Cereal.	Scrambled Eggs.
Griddle Cakes.	Cranberry
Roasted	Bran Muffins.
Orange Juice,	Coffee Substitute.
Milk or Coffee.	Dinner
Luncheon	(Company)
(Company)	Hot Tomato Juice.
Vegetable Juice	Roast Duck
Cooktail	Roast Turkey.
Hot or Blankets	Buttered Potatoes.
Vegetable Souffle,	Peas and Mushrooms.
thien Hot-Cake,	Current Jelly.
Mixed Pickles,	Green Bountiful Salad
Turn Potatoes,	with Lemon Dressing.
Turn Potatoes,	Ice Cream.
Dinner	"Cat's Tongues"
Roast Beef with	Cookies.
Cranberry Sauce,	Half Cakes Coffee.
Red, White and	Supper
Green, or Orange	Bountiful Salad
Sauce, or Orange	Buttered Potatoes.
Sauce, or Orange	Cream Doughnuts.
Sauce, or Orange	Cocoa or Milk.

cause of the cheerful bright emerald green and gold of its color scheme, which permits such an effective table at very little extra cost. The first of the new dishes, on March 17th, was the first messenger of spring, especially this year when Easter itself comes to us so late.

Flowers in particular seem natural for the St. Patrick menu, where green is the leading color, unlike some holidays where foods are given a somewhat artificial tinge of red to make them "nationalize." But green the hostess finds in plenty, whether in green pea soup or clear soup with minced parsnips, with peas, spinach, string-beans or many other vegetables, with lettuce, and peppers and artichokes; and when it comes to desserts, both mint and lime are tops for St. Patrick.

ending. Either of these desserts can quickly and inexpensively be made in the trays of the automatic refrigerator. If desired, a large flake cookie can be substituted for the cake, garnished as previously. The frozen dessert, as a finishing touch.

But what if you want to give the children a St. Patrick's party? Perhaps, where children are concerned, half the fun is in the novelties and accessories, as much as in the foods themselves. Use some of the entrancing novelties under the hats and napkins sets of paper, paper plates and silverware cups, which may be bought to harmonize. Favors of paper dolls, or small real dolls, will be effective if set at each place. A paper or cardboard model of the familiar jouncing cart will hold

Emerald Ice in individual On
ange Baskets.

White Frosted Cup Cakes,
Green and White Mints.

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Paddy's Pickle: Cut blundt thin pickle slices, lay along out center. Lay stick with relish; insert pickle for handle. Mount pickle on toothpick legs.

Paddy's Hat: Use marshmallows and large butter wafer. Dip one side of wafer in milk. Dip wafer in hot water. Make hat band of narrow green ribbon and insert green paper shamrock on one side.

For the informal party or buffet, serve, especially for young folks, a variety of appetizers. St. Patrick's colors as follows:

Cold meat cuts, meat loaf or sliced veal roast, meat served with potato chips or French fried potatoes, and salmon salad in green or white jelly, served in lettuce nest with olive and gherkin. Pistachio nut ice cream served in grapefruit basket, with small green and white frosted cakes.

Coffee. Mints

For some individual refreshments, carry out the green.

Tunafish with Pickle Sauce: 1 pound can tunafish, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups pickle juice, 1½ cups Worcestershire sauce, 1½ cups tomato catsup, 1½ cups onion catsup, 1½ cups Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, buttered peas, buttered toast. Place fish in wire strainer and pour over with catsup. Boil 10 minutes. Place fish in top of double boiler and heat. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and blend in milk, stirring constantly to a smooth sauce. Add catsup, Worcestershire and Worcestershire sauce. Remove fish to hot platter, pour over sauce, sprinkle with parsley. Arrange peas around fish. Garnish with buttered toast.

Shamrock Salad: Lettuce, green peppers, cream cheese, minced walnuts, watercress. Salad dressing: Lay lettuce flat on a small platter. Sprinkle with walnuts. From pickle jar, mix vinegar, tomato, pickle juice

Slice crosswise into rings. Arrange 2 rings, shamrock-fashion together on lettuce. Carefully fill pepper rings with cream cheese which has been mashed as whipped fluffy with fork. Sprinkle with green onion slices and garnish with spray of cream; drop spoon of stiff mayonnaise in center of each "shamrock."

Emerald Ice in Orange Basket. Dissolve lime-flavored gelatin, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ cup cold water, 3 cups ginger ale, orange baskets. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add sugar and cold water together 10 minutes. Add to gelatin mixture. Cool. Add ginger ale. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze 6 to 8 hours. Remove from basket made by scooping up half orange leaved strip handle on top. Makes 8 baskets.

Minted Dessert Salad: $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons granulated gelatin, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar,

into a large bowl and allow to sit. Unroll on small platter (100 platters) and fill with canned fruit salad or any combination of chopped fruits such as diet orange, pineapple, grapefruit, kiwi, mandarin orange, and tangerine. Garnish with fresh fruit around mold. Serves 8.

Shamrock Petit-Fours: 1 cup heavy whipped cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 2 cups cake flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon extract. Mix whipped cream with water. Add dry ingredients sifted together. Knead lightly. Roll into flattened circles. Dip into whipped whites and add flavoring. Pour in 2 pans, each 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven or at about 350°F. Bake on parchment cookie-cutter and cut out small cakes. Place on wire rack, topping each with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ marshmallow. Pour over each frosting of mixed light green, and add 1 drop of green food color. Bake at 350°F for 30 minutes. Serves 100.

In special shanmook salads or rice and small cakes and their garnishes. For example, the shanmook salad is cut with a trefoil cutter, and the filling be of softened cream cheese and watercress, or shanmook similarly, the outside may be made of small crab balls and the outside set in a ring of green peas. In cakes, there is nothing better than small cookies frosted in white with a green outline of the famous lady, or they might cake the shanmook with cream and topped by a candy or cupped leaf.

So, too, potatoes must not be left out of this holiday menu, and here is a recipe for "Murrphy's," one of the national foods of Ireland. Baked whole as whole Maine or Idaho "baking potatoes," they give substance to a light Patrick dinner. With a light meat and plenty of green vegetables and a refreshing green salad, the holiday dinner will do little to trouble the hostess.

When it comes to desserts, the hostess has a choice of

mense shamrock made up of sparkling cellulose ribbon.

Here is a suggested menu for children:

Shamrock Sandwiches (cream cheese, cream and mint)

Emerald Ice Cream (in paper cups) with Orange Sauce (Lime or Mint Ice Cream with this Orange Sauce)

Holiday Cakes (oblong molasses cookies)

Green and White Cup Cakes

Green and White Molasses Chip Candies.

Orange Juice, Beverage or Milk (in tall glasses)

For the grown-ups who merely wish to go good dinner with a greenish light into the background, try the following menu:

Irish St. a Bouillon (bouillon with minced peas)

Baked White Potatoes.

Creamed Turnfish with Green Pickle Sauce.

Brussels Sprouts, Peas, Broccoli or String Beans.

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CHASERS 5^c
PACKAGE OF 5 TABLETS

Oysters in rolls (excellent for the supper snack): 6 finger rolls or hard bread rolls; 2 tablespoons butter; 1 tablespoon minced parsley; 2 tablespoons minced celery, salt, pepper; 1/2 cups minced raw oysters. Scoop out centers of rolls and butter inside. Fill with oyster bread crumbs with all other ingredients. Bake oysters, and saute in skillet 3 minutes to blend well. Add oysters and mix. Stuff in rolls and place in quick oven or at 425 degrees. bake 10 minutes.

1 tablespoon melted butter or shortening. Fry this batter in deep fat or pour on a thin pan-cake in buttered small skillet. Serve with sliced tomatoes and pickle relish.

Oysters Marinere: 1 large round loaf white Italian bread; 3 cups oysters; 1 cup butter, salt, pepper, celery salt; 2 cups light cream; parsley leaves. Carefully remove the crumb from bread and scoop out inside crumbs, leaving a sufficient crust. This makes an original "casserole" or dish. Butter inside of bread dish, and heat in oven 5 minutes. Combine oysters, crumbs, butter, seasoning, salt, and parsley thoroughly. Replace mixture into bread dish and bake in hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, 15 minutes. Serve immediately.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Oysters:

a rack in an open roasting pan. Do not add water. Seal in a very quick oven, at about 450 degrees, for 30 minutes. Lay two or three strips of bacon on top of meat if there is not enough fat. Then reduce temperature to

SICKNE



slightly. Add 1 pint fine, dry bread-crumbs, ¼ teaspoon celery seed, ¼ teaspoon savory seasoning, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add a finely chopped sprig of parsley, if you like parsley.

**CAN YOU AFFORD
SS OR ACC**



RD
CIDENT?

BUY a breast of lamb including the foreshank. Wipe with a clean, damp cloth. Cut off foreshank and grind the meat for the stuffing. Crack the bones of the breast so that it can be carved by the ribs. Make a pocket in the meat by cutting out the flesh close to the ribs. Sprinkle the inside of the pocket with salt and pepper, pile in the forcemeat stuffing lightly, and sew in shape. Rub the outside with salt, pepper and flour. Lay the stuffed breast, ribs down, on a rack in an open roasting pan. Roast in a 350° oven for 1½ to 2½ hours. Season with a very quick oven, or at about 400 degrees, for 30 minutes. Lay two or three strips of bacon on top of meat if there is not enough fat. Then reduce temperature to

300 degrees and continue cooking in uncovered pan until tender. This will require 1½ to 1¾ hours. If there is more stuffing than can be placed in the breast, use it for stuffing onions to be baked and served with the meat. Serve with brown gravy. To make the force main stuffing: Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1½ cup chopped celery and 1 tablespoon onion and cook for 2 or 3 minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Add ground lean meat from the lamb force shank and stir until meat brown slightly. Add 1 pint fine, dry bread-crumbs, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1½ cups milk, 1 egg, 1 egg yolk, 1½ teaspoon pepper and 1½ teaspoon salt. Add a finely chopped sprig of parsley, if you like parsley.

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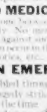
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removing small slice from top.
Thy scooped tomato pulp. Chop
up onion, green pepper, and
grated onion, salt, pepper and
enough bread crumbs to hold
together. Mix well, and
refill into tomato halves.
Adjust top slice of tomato as necessary.
Bake in 350° oven for 45 minutes.
Serving: 1 cup. Make using
any of the breads in the listing.
Bake until tomatoes are hot.

Commander Oyster Stew: 2
lb. 6 large oysters per serving.
1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2
cup spring parsley, 3 branches celery,
2 thin slices onion in 2 cups hot
water. Boil 10 minutes. Add
liquid 4 cups milk and 4
oyster liquid. Heat slowly to
boil. Strip in onion, let stand
10 minutes. Remove from
heat. Stir 1 tablespoon butter in
each serving bowl, and turn stew
over. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup
parsley and 1/2 cup onion
and pass hot toasted small crackers.
Serve immediately.

Oyster Maryland: Use 2 large
oysters. Slice 1/2 inch thick.
chopped bacon. Drain oysters,
put in tomato catsup and then in
fine dry crumbs. Place on a
baking sheet. Bake in 350° oven.
Sprinkle with minced bacon.
Bake in a hot oven 6 minutes or
until browned. Immediately
serve with lemon slices.

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Hot Muffins
 2 1/2 cups flour
 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
 1 teaspoon salt
 2 to 4 tablespoons sugar
 1 egg, well beaten
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1/4 cup Spry, melted

Sift flour with baking powder, salt and sugar. (Sugar may be omitted, if desired.) Combine beaten egg, milk and melted Spry. Turn liquids into dry ingredients and mix vigorously until all flour is dampened. The batter will look lumpy. (Don't overmix.) Pour into muffin pans greased with Spry. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 large muffins.

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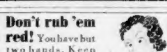
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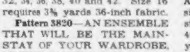
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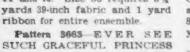
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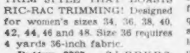
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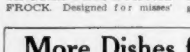
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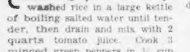
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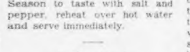
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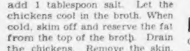
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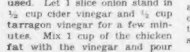
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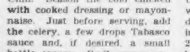
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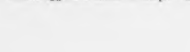
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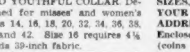
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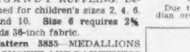
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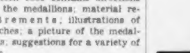
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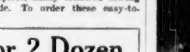
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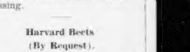
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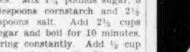
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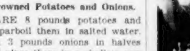
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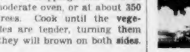
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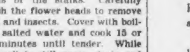
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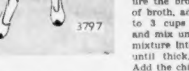
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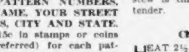
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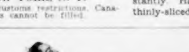
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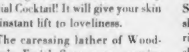
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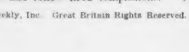
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Nourishing Dishes for Two Dozen

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

A GREAT many requests have come to us from housewives for recipes for large-quantity cookery.

We like to think that there are many opportunities for eating places serving the best obtainable foods, cooked carefully and served well as one would find in one's home. Small-quantity cookery gives the best results in flavor, but careful measurements and preparation give surprisingly good results in large-quantity cookery.

Creamed Chicken.

CAREFULLY dress and draw 3 four-pound fowls. Pluck them in a large kettle, barely cover with hot water, add 1 tablespoon salt, partly cover the kettle and simmer gently until tender (about 3 hours). Drain, reserving the stock. Remove the meat from the bones and cut in uniform pieces. Remove some of the fat from the stock. Cook 1 quart chopped celery, 1 cup minced onion and a green pepper for about 15 or 20 minutes in a little of the chicken fat that has been skimmed from the stock. Measure the broth and, for each cup of broth, add 2 tablespoons flour to 3 cups cream or top milk and mix until smooth. Stir this mixture into the broth and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add the chicken, salt and pepper to taste and, if desired, a few drops of Tabasco sauce. Reheat and serve on toast or rice pilaf, on steamed rice, with hot baking-powder biscuits or in timbale cases. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Beef Stew.

CUT fat from 4 pounds stew beef. Brown the fat delicately, adding 3 cups chopped onions. Cook the onions until lightly browned. Cut the beef into small pieces and roll in 1 cup flour. Brown in the frying-pan with the onion. Add 2 quarts water and simmer gently until tender. Then add 2 quarts tomatoes, 3 tablespoons salt, 2 quarts diced potatoes and pepper to taste. Continue to cook gently until the stew is thick and the potatoes tender.

Cheese Toast.

HEAT 2 1/2 cups top milk in top of double boiler. Thicken with 5 tablespoons flour blended with 5 tablespoons water and cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Have ready 2 1/2 pounds thinly-sliced or grated cheese.

Beat 5 eggs, add some of the hot mixture to them, return to double boiler and add the cheese, 2 1/2 tablespoons salt, onion juice to taste (if desired), a few grains red pepper and a drop or two of Tabasco sauce. Cook over hot water until cheese has melted. Cool and add 3 tablespoons baking-powder. Beat well. Toast one side of 25 or 30 slices of bread. Spread the cheese mixture thickly on the untoasted side of the very edge. Brown the cheese delicately in the oven or under a low flame. If desired, place a

strip of crisp bacon across each piece. Serve immediately.

Raw Vegetable Salad.

MIX any desired combination of fresh raw vegetables or greens, as shredded cabbage, lettuce and carrots, sliced onions, radishes, cucumbers or tomato, celery, cress, endive, chicory, romaine, Swiss chard, etc. Toss these in French dressing just before serving or serve with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing.

Back in her closet goes Connie's perspiring dress



OH CONNIE, I'M SO WHIFFY-I NEED LUX

Perspiration odor clings to dresses—don't offend

Dresses, like undies, absorb perspiration—offend other people before you realize it. Don't take chances—Lux your dresses often. Lux removes odor completely, saves color and fit. Any dress safe in water alone is safe in Lux.



Lux dresses often...

TRY THIS NEW RECIPE FOR QUICK BEAUTY A WOODBURY FACIAL COCKTAIL

Take your tired face at 5 p.m.

With skin drying and chafing from long hours, lined with fatigue, demand gray of the old energy. To cleanse it softly and thoroughly of all dust and dirt, to help banish wrinkles, to refresh and revive it.

Cool... and add a little make-up

Do your face with cold water, dry and add a little make-up, just enough to accent the lovely complexion. Woodbury's has given you in a few short moments. See how the good skin comes to life.

Serve with saucy smiles at 7

New you're made to step out and have a glorious evening. You feel as fresh as the morning rose, your beauty has wings, your hours in light, the world and its most charming men are yours!



CONTAINS SKIN-STIMULATING VITAMIN D

More Dishes for 2 Dozen

Italian Style Rice.

COOK 1 1/2 pounds carefully-washed rice in a large kettle of boiling salted water until tender, then drain and mix with 2 quarts tomato juice. Cook 3 minced green peppers in 1/4 cup butter, bacon fat or other shortening, for 5 minutes. Add, with about 1/2 pound grated cheese, to the rice and tomato mixture. Season to taste with salt and pepper, reheat over hot water and serve immediately.

Chicken Salad.

SIMMER 3 five- or six-pound chickens until tender, in water to cover. When about half done, add 1 tablespoon salt. Let the chickens cool in the broth. When cold, skin off and reserve the fat from the top of the broth. Drain the chickens. Remove the skin, strip the meat from the bones and cut into small pieces of uniform size. The skins may be passed through meat-grinder and saved. Let 1 slice onion stand in 1/2 cup cider vinegar and 1/2 cup tarragon vinegar for a few minutes. Mix 1 cup of the chicken fat with the vinegar and pour over the chicken. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill in refrigerator several hours. Have ready 3 quarts finely-chopped celery. Chill. Season the cold chicken with cooked dressing or mayonnaise. Just before serving, add the celery, a few drops Tabasco sauce and, if desired, a small bottle capers. Omit capers unless you are sure you like them. Toss lightly on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with sliced hard-boiled eggs or olives or strips

of pimiento or green peppers. Serve with mayonnaise or cooked dressing.

Harvard Beets (By Request).

MASH 25 or 30 beets, cook them in boiling salted water until tender, remove skins and cut the beets into thin slices or cubes. Mix 1 1/4 pounds sugar, 5 tablespoons cornstarch and 2 1/2 tablespoons salt. Add 2 1/2 cups vinegar and boil for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1/2 cup butter and mix well. Pour over the beets and let them stand 15 or 20 minutes before serving.

Browned Potatoes and Onions.

PARBOIL 8 pounds potatoes and parboil them in salted water. Cut 3 pounds onions in halves and place them in a shallow pan with the drained potatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and flour. Brush both vegetables with beef drippings and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Cook until the vegetables are tender, turning them so they will brown on both sides.

Broccoli.

WASH and discard the large tough leaves and lower portions of the stalks. Carefully wash the flower heads to remove dirt and insects. Cover with salted water and cook 15 or 20 minutes until tender. While broccoli is still green, drain and serve with melted butter, seasoned with salt and pepper. Add lambing sauce or mayonnaise dressing.

When your beauty feels worn to a shred, when your skin is lined with fatigue, treat it to a Woodbury Facial Cocktail! It will give your skin an instant lift to loveliness.

The caressing lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap now contains skin-stimulating Vitamin D for direct application to the skin. It helps revive and renew tired complexions.

The skin's energy depends, to a great extent, upon its rate of breathing. Young, vital skin breathes fast. Stimulate its breathing, and weary skin grows fresh again. Woodbury's, rich in Vitamin D, breaks up the skin's youthful breathing.

Whenever your skin needs a beauty pick-up, give it a Woodbury Facial Cocktail! Woodbury's now 10¢

*Springtime's
Big Event!*

the Del Monte FOOD FIESTA



To help refill depleted winter pantries, grocers everywhere are now featuring your favorite DEL MONTE Foods — in a brilliant fiesta of flavor and thrifty prices

It's under way—the DEL MONTE Food Fiesta!

For the next thirty days, value-wise grocers all over the country are hanging out their gay DEL MONTE Fiesta banners in a great spring festival of thrift and flavor. Ready to welcome the turn of the season—and help you replenish cold weather pantries.

Now—today—is the time to check your own cupboard. Look for gaps King Winter has made in your stock of DEL MONTE favorites. Then see your grocer tomorrow.

See his sparkling DEL MONTE assortment. Note the glorious variety, the reasonable prices—then take home a good supply! March winds will seem lighter, April days brighter, with DEL MONTE's festival freshness lending joy to your meals.

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